

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.
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Twenty Years Married.

BY S. P. SHILLABEER.

Yes, twenty years have winged their flight,
Since that mysterious word I spoke,
When on a beauteous summer night
I first assumed a flowery yoke.
I long had craved the blissful chain,
And cheerfully subscribed the vow;
Perhaps I'd do the same again;
Perhaps—though I am older now.

Ah, well do I recall the time
When she, now pensive by my side,
Stooped, in her blushing morning prime,
A tender, sweet, and bashful bride;
And I so proud of that dear hand,
Could scarce contain myself for bliss:
I'd bought a tract of fairy land,
And sealed my purchase with a kiss.

For happiness we trimmed our sail,
My darling little bride and I,
Hope's breezes blew a pleasant gale,
And gently smiled the summer sky;
The world seemed made for her and me,
All bright wherever we might turn,
Our life to be a tranquil sea—
Sweet innocents! we'd much to learn.

For soon did care's disturbing breath
Its baleful influence impart,
And bitter sorrow, born of death,
O'ercast the sunshine of our heart.
But still as trouble round us rose,
Each closer, fonder, clung to each,
Blessed with the strength of love's repose,
Enduring all that grief could teach.

We'd much of joy, though small our sphere,
And craved no more extended fame,
For children made our dwelling dear—
"Twas wonderful how fast they came.
"The more the merrier," we said,
And in them every wish was blest.
A part in our embrace have staid,
A mound in Woodlawn tells the rest.

Those twenty years have left their trace
Upon her brow, then smooth and fair,
And stole, some say, the witching grace
That once her features used to wear;
But still I see the same kind eyes
Beam on me with a light as true
As when, in love's young paradise,
I first their inspiration knew.

"Politeness Pays."

AN EVERYDAY SKETCH.

Among the acquaintances of my youth
there was one Peter Cox; and I am sorry
to say that, from what little stock of patience
he may have possessed, he invested none
of it in Politeness. At all events, he did
not do it when he entered business. Peter
was a builder by trade, and one of the
most thorough and faithful workmen in the
country. If he undertook a contract, he

was sure to perform his part punctually
and properly. Still he was not always
employed, for many who might otherwise
have hired him, were repulsed by his un-
couth manner of treating them, and sought
assistance elsewhere.

"Peter," said his wife to him, one evening,
"do you know that you have lost a
good job just by offending Mr. Graham?"
Peter looked up from his paper, and
asked her what she meant.

"I mean," she replied, "that Mr. Graham
has hired Leavitt to build his new
house."

"Well—what of it?" said Peter, rather
crustily.

"Why, I am very sure that he meant to
have hired you to do the job; and that he
would have done so had you not offended
him."

"How did I offend him?"

"By not listening to him when he wished
to describe to you his plan for the building."

"His plan was a foolish one."

"Well, suppose it was; if you had felt
it to be your business to tell him so, you
might have done it in a polite way."

"Bah!" cried Peter, with a snap of his
finger, "don't talk of politeness in business.
If I were to bother myself to be polite to
everybody who happened to call upon me,
I should have my hands full."

"I think it would pay," ventured the
wife.

Peter pooh'd at the idea; and then told
his wife that he wanted to read.

About a month after this Peter came
home in unusual spirits. He had been out
of work for some time, and had been rather
moody and crusty. His wife noticed the
change, and asked him what had happened.

"There's a prospect of work," he replied.

"We are to have better times in town.
Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield, has bought
the whole of the water-power on our
stream, and is going to erect a factory here.
I think I'll get the job. They say that
Wilkins would rather have some one here
to do it, and my friends will recommend
me."

Mrs. Cox was highly delighted, for she
knew that such a job must pay well; and
she hoped that her husband might not be
disappointed.

A few days afterwards an order came
for some window blinds; and one afternoon,
while he was busy at his bench, a
man came, and watched him at his work
for some few seconds without speaking.
He was a middle aged man, rather coarsely
clad; and Peter supposed it must be
some one who wanted work.

"How d'y'e do?" said the stranger, as
Peter laid aside the slat which he had just
finished.

"How d'y'e do?" returned Peter, in a
sort of uncouth grunt.

"That looks like good lumber you're
working there," remarked the visitor.

"It's good enough," was the response.

"What is such lumber worth here?"

"I don't know," and as Peter thus answered,
he took another slat, and began to
plane it.

"I suppose you buy some lumber, sir,"
said the stranger.

"I do when I want it," returned Peter,
without looking up from his work.

"Is there any in town to be sold?"

"They'll tell you at the mill. I don't
saw lumber myself."

"But you know the value of it," remarked
the stranger, with a slight touch
of feeling in his tone.

"Who told you?" retorted Peter.

"I supposed, as you were in the way of
using considerable lumber of various kinds,
that you would be proper to ask."

"Well, sir," said our grouty builder, in
his uncouth, unkind and ungentelemanly
way, "it so happens that I have something
else to attend to besides keeping the price
of lumber for every body, who may happen
to want a few boards."

"Ah! yes; I didn't know you were so
busy," returned the visitor, in the coolest
and most polite manner imaginable. "Pardon
me if I have interrupted you." And
with this, he left the shop.

Peter Cox had done no more in this instance
than he had done a great many
times before; but yet he could not put it
from his mind so easily. Somehow it
clung to him, and even after an hour had
passed, he found himself wishing that he
had treated his visitor with a little more
decency. But it was too late now.

Peter got his blinds all made, and then
waited for news from Byfield, as it was
expected Sumner Wilkins would soon
make arrangements to commence operations.
He felt sure of the job, as his friends
had seen Wilkins, and recommended him
strongly. It would be as good as three
dollars a day to him for several months.

One morning, as Peter came out on to
the street, he heard it remarked that Wil-
kins had got his hands all engaged, and
would break ground very soon. It could
not be possible, thought our builder. Surely
he would have had some notice of such a
move. Half an hour after that, he was
standing at the door of a grocery, when a
man drove up in a carriage, and came into
the store. He bowed to one or two who
stood there, but gave Peter only a cold
look. It was the man who had called at
his shop two weeks before, and inquired
the price of lumber. He was dressed
plainly as ever, but he drove a splendid
horse, and the carriage was a costly one.

"Who is that man?" Peter asked, after
the stranger had gone.

"That," returned a by-stander, in evident
surprise; "don't you know him?"

"No. Who is it?"

"Why, that is Mr. Wilkins."

"Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield?"

"The man who is going to build the
factory?"

"Yes."

Peter Cox left the room with a sinking
heart; and by the time he reached his shop
he was almost sick. What a fall it was.
He went home to dinner, and ere long his
wife had learned the whole story. She
had already learned that the great job had
been given to another, and now why it had
been done.

"Why didn't he let me know who he
was when he came into my shop?" said
Peter in a petulant mood.

"That isn't the question," suggested the
wife, speaking as considerably as possible.

"It would be better, Peter, if you would
ask why didn't you treat him respectfully?
It seems from your own account, that he
asked a very simple and proper question—
such a question as any man ought to
answer with pleasure. I tell you, my husband,
POLITENESS PAYS. If you could
only overcome your habit of treating strangers
so uncouthly, you would be greatly
the gainer thereby."

For some days Peter Cox was sore and
morose. He saw the work commenced
upon the factory without his assistance, and
he feared that he should have but little
business for some time to come. He had
at first been inclined to think very hard of
Sumner Wilkins; but when he came to
reflect more calmly, he thought differently.

He could not wonder that the man had
been repulsed by his rudeness.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Peter
was in his shop, doing nothing but think-

ing, when some one entered. He looked
up, and saw Mr. Wilkins.

"How d'y'e do?" said the capitalist.

"How d'y'e do?" returned the builder.

"You are not very busy, I take it,"
added Wilkins.

A quick, rough answer was making its
way to Peter's lips; but he did not speak
it. He recollected himself in season. He
had taken a solemn obligation upon him-
self that he would not allow any more such
words to go out from his mouth upon his
fellow men.

"No, sir," he replied, as soon as the old
spirit had been quelled; "I am not very
busy just now."

"Perhaps you would like to work for
me."

"As you wish it."

"Well," said Wilkins. "I am in want
of help, and should like to employ you. I
meant to have employed you before; and
perhaps you can imagine why I did not.
However," he added, as he saw Peter's
countenance fall, "there's no need of refer-
ring to that, only for the lesson it teach-
es. I felt the cut of your rudeness very
deeply; and, the more so, because I could
not see wherein I had given any occasion
for it."

"I was rude," returned Peter, frankly;
"and as you have intimated, I found a
lesson in the result; and I hope I may
profit by it."

"That's enough, sir. And so we'll let
the past go." Wilkins extended his hand
as he spoke, and Peter grasped it warmly.
"And now," the visitor continued, "let's
come to our business. The man whom I
had engaged to superintend the erection of
my mill, has so much other business that
he would like to be spared from this; so,
if you will take it, I will let him go."

Of course Peter took it; and when the
mill was done, so well and faithfully had
he performed his work, that he had more
offers of valuable contracts than he could
possibly attend to.

But Peter Cox did not forget the prime
secret of this new success. He knew that
he was eminently qualified as an architect
and builder; but this was not all. He also
knew that the last lesson he had learned
was the most valuable one—that the last
investment he had made was yielding him
the greatest interest. And, moreover, the
income from the Politeness which he had
come to possess was not all gross and ma-
terial. No, no—one of its highest and
purest fruits was that which came to his
heart and which remained with him to
bless him, wherever he went.

Self Control.

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mother!" cried a little girl, rushing
into the room where a lady sat reading,
"mother, John struck me in the face with
all his might! Oh, dear, it hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against
her cheek, and threw her head backward
and forward as if she was in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and
the book fell from her hand to the floor.
There was anger in her heart against John,
and, in the blindness of her sudden indig-
nation, she resolved to punish him with a
severe chastisement. But ere she reached
the apartment in which her child had been
playing, she paused suddenly and stood
still. A timely thought glancing through
her mind had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control my-
self," she said, speaking half aloud. Then
after a resolute strife with her angry feel-

ings, the mother went back to the room
where she had left her weeping child, and
sitting down in her old place said, with as
steady a voice as she could command.

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh, dear! how it hurts!" sobbed Ag-
nes, as she came to her mother's side, her
hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and
examined her little girl's cheek. There
was a red mark, as if a blow had been re-
ceived, but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes!" said the mother, now speak-
ing very calmly and gently, yet with a
firmness that at once subdued the excite-
ment of her child's mind. "I want you
to stop crying, and tell me all about this
trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow, and she
looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation
in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face," replied
the child, evincing a great deal of angry
feeling toward her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"What was the trouble between you
and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you
that John struck me in the face with all
his might."

"Tell Mary I wish to see her."

Agnes went for her sister. When they
returned the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me all about this
trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you,
Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of
resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother,
"and while I am doing so, you, Agnes,
must have nothing to say. After Mary
has finished, then you can correct her state-
ment if you wish to. Now, Mary, say
on."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it
was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing
John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister." There was a
tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said
Mary. "John declared that it was, and
tried his best to comfort Agnes: even
promising to give her his pet kitten, if she
would stop crying, and not make trouble
by telling you. But she was angry, and
would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and
then I shall know exactly how far both
were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I
were playing checkers, and Agnes would,
every now and then, steal up behind John
and push his elbow when he was making
a move. It worried him, and he asked
her over and over again not to do so. But
she did not mind what he said. At last
John pushed the board from him and would
not play any longer. He was angry.
Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him.
John got a book, and sat down near the
window to read. He had not been there
long before Agnes stole up behind him,
whipped the book out of his hand, and ran
away. John sprang after her, and they
had a struggle for the book, in which Ag-
nes got a blow upon the face. I was look-
ing at them, and I think the blow was ac-
cidental. It seemed so at the time, and
John declared that he did not mean to
strike her. That is all, mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a
subdued voice. John entered the room in
a few moments. He was pale, and looked
troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking
without apparent excitement, yet with a

touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you
strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer
came through them. He looked into his
mother's eyes for a moment or two, until
tears blinded him, and then he laid his face
down upon her bosom and sobbed. With
love's tender instinct the mother drew her
arm tightly round her boy, and then there
was silence for the space of nearly a min-
ute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whis-
pered the mother, placing her lips close to
the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was," John answered back
with earnestness. "My hand slipped as
I tried to get my book from her, and it
struck her in the face. I was sorry."

What else could the mother do than kiss
with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against
whom, under the influence of anger, she
had passed a hasty judgment. She almost
shuddered at the thought of the unjust
punishment she had come nigh inflicting
while blind from excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Ag-
nes," said the lady, turning with some se-
verity of voice and countenance towards
her little girl, who now stood with the
aspect of a culprit instead of an accuser.

"It was her fault, mother," John spoke
up quickly. "She loves to tease, you
know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good
spirit," replied the mother, "and I am
sorry that my little girl can find no higher
enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying
her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied
with you, John, but not with Agnes; and
now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their
mother alone with Agnes. When the little
girl joined her brothers and sisters some
time afterward, she had a sober face, like
one whose spirit was not at ease with itself.
She had been guilty of a double wrong,
and had come near drawing down upon
her innocent brother an unjust punishment.
So clearly had her mother brought this to
her view, that shame followed conviction,
and she was now ready to acknowledge
her fault, and promise better conduct in
the future. But the one who profited most
by this scene of trouble, was the children's
mother. After all was harmonized again,
and she was alone with her own thoughts,
she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-
control, and prayed that she might ever
possess her spirit in calmness. She trem-
bled in thinking of the evil that would
have followed a blind punishment of her
noble-hearted boy.

SOPHRONIOUS, a wise teacher of the
people, did not allow his sons and daugh-
ters, even when they were grown up, to
associate with persons whose lives were
not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia, one
day, when he had refused to permit her to
go, in company with her brother, to visit
the frivolous Lucinda—"Father, you must
think that we are very weak and childish,
since you are afraid that it would be dan-
gerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took
a coal from the hearth and handed it to his
daughter. "It will not burn you, my
child," said he; "only take it."
Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her
tender white hand was black; and without
thinking, she touched her white dress and
it was all blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeas-
ed, as she looked at her hands and dress,
"one cannot be careful enough when han-
dling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father. "You
see, my child, that the coal, even though it
did not burn you, has nevertheless black-
ened you. So is the company of immoral
persons."

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1861.

Four numbers more and the second volume of the *Gallaudet Guide* is completed. We entered upon our duties at the commencement of the volume, during a season of general business prostration, and when newspapers were daily, every where in all parts of the country, giving up the ghost, and when too, there was a balance against our first volume of no inconsiderable amount. This was not at all encouraging. But with the aid so generously extended by our subscribers, that indebtedness has been discharged, and, to-day, the *Guide* goes forth entirely free from debt. On account of our position on the Massachusetts School question there were those who believed that we were not the man to conduct the paper, an organ of an association of which, moreover, we had never been a member. But we understood our new position, and took off our partisan shoes, so to speak.

How well, under all the circumstances we have refrained from discussing the question, our readers can judge. We have not touched upon it except when directly drawn out and then we have endeavored to dismiss the matter with as few words of reply as possible.

There exists no good reason why the paper should be discontinued. At the close of the year we must resign to stouter hands and abler minds the trust committed to us, and there are no lack of competent men in our midst. If only subscribers who are now indebted to the Association will remit the cash to the Treasurer, the continuance of the paper, for which a general desire has been expressed, will be a foregone conclusion.

We have received accounts of successes won by the Union's forces in Missouri, and others giving the particulars of Gen. McClellan's brilliant victories in Virginia, whereby the Northwestern part of that grand old State has been relieved from the pressure of rebellion. The veteran patriot soldier at the head of the military service has won the title of Fabius, and McClellan is entitled to be called the Union's Marcellus. He is the country's sword, and Scott is its shield. The forces of Gen. Patterson have steadily pushed down the rebel army under Gen. Johnson, and though they had not achieved any of those dashing acts that so dazzle the public eye, their services have been none the less valuable on that account. It is a mistake, and one that leads to many an unrighteous judgment, that the chief business of war is the winning of battles. To conquer the enemy in the field, provided he will fight, is the end to which all military work tends; but if he can be literally "turned out" of his strong positions, one after the other, through the pressure of your armies, well handled by skillful officers, and made to retreat day by day, until his men have become completely demoralized, you should be just as well satisfied as if he had been driven from his ground at the bayonet's point. There is something attractive in the actual shock of battle, which shows that man is naturally a fighting animal, and that the Peace Societies are slightly at fault when they labor to polish him into an Arcadian; and this it is that makes most of us so anxious for rapid charges, attacks in column or in line, heavy cannonades, and rolling fires of musketry, and long returns of killed and wounded heroes. The army under Gen. McDowell, which receives its inspiration immediately from Lieutenant-General Scott, commenced its long-desired advance on Tuesday, July 16th, and up to the time we write, (July 20) it had not encountered an enemy, the rebels abandoning all their posts as the Union's troops marched upon them. What their motive of action is we cannot undertake to say. It may be that they run because they must run; or, it may be that they have retreated, for the purpose of drawing our army towards a field of battle selected by their leaders as the place for a grand duel, in which the quarrel shall be decided at a blow. We shall know all about it in a short time, and so speculation would be idle, and perhaps impertinent. The number of men in "The Grand Army," as it is called, is put at 55,000, and the forces under McClellan and Patterson are supposed to be 45,000 strong, making 100,000 men in arms—a wonderful spectacle, when we recollect that all these soldiers, with the exception of the few regulars employed, were peaceful citizens one hundred days ago. That such armies have been conscribed and organized in so short a time, is alone sufficient to impress the world with a proper sense of the vast power and abundant means of the Free States. And then there are the troops at Fortress Monroe, those in Maryland, those in Missouri, and the army at Cairo, not to mention the camps that

exist in both the East and the West, remote from all the scenes of actual warfare, but where men are learning the art of war. We most deeply regret that there should have happened any occasion for this display of the country's power, but we cannot help being proud of what has been done. It indicates the healthful condition of the Republic, and proves that it is a nation of men, and of men who know their position in the world, and are capable of making it good against all the evil influences, foreign or domestic, that may be brought to assail it.

The American Asylum at Hartford.

We are indebted to the Principal, for a copy of the forty-fifth Annual Report of the American Asylum, at Hartford, presented to the Directors, May 11, 1861.

Whole number of pupils on the list, 265. Average attendance through the year, 224. Number of classes, 14; with the same number of teachers. Messrs. Ballard, Sutton and Porter, Instructors, had resigned during the year, and their places had been filled by J. L. Wheeler, D. Tousley, and J. L. Noyes.

The large family in the Asylum had enjoyed unusually good health, no case of death having occurred during the year.

We are compelled to take exception to certain portions of the Report. It speaks of the movement in Massachusetts, for what it is pleased to term an opposition school, and the notice it takes of those engaged in the movement though couched in apparently kind language, is yet somewhat personal. Who are those engaged in the movement alluded to? The Report sneeringly intimates (p. 19) that they are men, who covet positions in the Institution, which their want of hearing and speech forbids their filling. To be sure, it does not say this in plain language, but it intimates the same thing. Name, if they can, one in Boston, who would accept a position in their Institution. They cannot do this—they do not sustain their charge—they do not abandon it—they evade it, and because we had a year or two ago, introduced to the notice of the Legislature, some of their defects, they now dodge off to talk of their own perfectness, and to make insinuations where they ought not to insinuate.

Failing to sustain themselves in this, they next say that the agitation of the subject of doing away with the French mode of instruction has grown out of the necessity of finding a reason for advocating the establishment of another school in New England in opposition to theirs! Well, for goodness sake, establish your point—bring on the proof. If they are so confident of the fallacy of our plan, why will they not bid us try it that they may, in a year or two, have occasion to crow over the failure?—and there forever end the question. But they know a determined will, never fails. "Where there is a will, there is a way," and their unwillingness to let us make the experiment is thus easily accounted for.

Had Dr. Gallaudet received at the hands of the Abbe Sicard in France, the treatment that he received in England, his next move would probably have been towards Germany, and who knows, but her system of instruction would have been adopted by him and introduced into this country? The German system in that case would have been the system in the American Schools to-day, for teachers of the Deaf and Dumb as a general rule hate change and stick to a thing with the tenacity of a cat to its nine lives.

We admit that the French mode is the quickest to impart ideas to the mute, but it fails in fitting him for a hearing and speaking community, which should be the end and aim of his instruction—it imparts to him a language akin to that of the American Indian in aboriginal times. The German system which is the slowest mode of instruction is preferable, because it puts him eventually on an even footing with his fellow man, by making him a speaking and apparently a hearing person.

We hold that the eye should do the duty of the ear,—that the mute should be fitted for a hearing and speaking world, and not a hearing and speaking world for him. He should be lost among the hearing as all association of mutes have a direct evil tendency.

If the system of instruction of to-day is forever to remain the system of America, if the American Asylum at Hartford is to remain for all future ages, the school for our children from Massachusetts, then it will only remain to us to see to it that the temple is thoroughly purified and kept so, that the use of *unnatural* signs is dispensed with altogether, that the teacher has the patience and the energy that the German teacher always possesses, and work over his pupil discarding even all unnecessary

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natural signs, and paying more attention than has heretofore been bestowed in the schools to the acquisition of written or connected language. Our great objection to Hartford has been that the number of her pupils is too great. Marvel of marvels, if the head of the Institution and his assistants can do justice to a family of 250 pupils all cooped up together,—250 boys and girls. In the days of Gallaudet and Weld, when the number of pupils was but half of what it now is, or even less, the improvement in the pupil was much greater which puts to naught at once all the talk about classification.

If we did not believe this, we should say nothing. But such being our firm conviction, nothing can unroot it.

We take exception also to the report of our Legislative Committee which the Report before us quotes with evident satisfaction. To be sure, the gentlemen comprising the Committee are respectable men, but what do they know, what can they learn in one or two days of the Asylum and its system of instruction? Where did they go for all their information but to Hartford, the interested party? Under the circumstances, no weight whatever can be attached to their conclusions.

And we admit too, that the gentlemen, comprising the Board of Directors of the Hartford Asylum are all respectable and influential men, who would not do any thing wrong themselves or allow it to be done by others. But the high character of the Directors is no guarantee that their subordinates will attend to their duties and do all things in decency and in order, unless they personally superintend the management of the Institution.

It is to be hoped that they will thoroughly investigate any matter hereafter complained of by the mutes however trivial and if the system is bad, institute reform. The high character of the gentlemen on the Board should be a guarantee that this will be done. We know how easy it is to find fault, but it is not easy to right the wrongs that will creep into public Institutions when they will have become thoroughly established.

These remarks, which we have offered, may be applied to other similar Institutions. Take the Reform school at Westboro for instance. The Trustees of that Institution reported from year to year to the Legislature that all was going on right at Westboro until complaints loud and strong were made, and a Committee of the Legislature ascertained that proceedings had taken place there, which to say the least, were not as they should be and a reform was needed.

But that is only a solitary case. The citizens of Mass. pay liberally for the support of the Deaf and Dumb and they should know all the minute details of the management of their Institutions, if the men employed, are competent to their duties, if they attended to them faithfully, etc.

The Institutions have raised up a constituency, who will look well after the interests of their fellow mutes, and to this constituency the Legislature—the people will in time, be induced to look for all reliable information, for they are already beginning to see the folly of their attempts, single handed, to interpret *Dutch* which they so little understand.

In the Massachusetts 10th Regiment, Col. Briggs, is a deaf-dumb private, John Donovan, by name.

Melville Ballard, Esq., Instructor in the Columbia Institution for the Deaf-Dumb was in town last week.

Vacation at Hartford commenced July 17. The Worcester morning train brought two car loads of the pupils to Boston on a visit to their different homes.

Our motto—"The eye must do the duty of the ear—an institution within our own borders for our mute children."

We have been having melting weather—"scorchers" not being an appropriate word.

Edgar P. Morehouse, a graduate of the New York Institute edits, prints and publishes the "Advocate," a newspaper in Iowa.

Miss Reddon, lately a pupil of the Missouri School, is employed as assistant in the editorial department of the "Presbyterian and our Union," a weekly paper at St. Louis.

Extract from a letter from one of the most eminent teachers of the Deaf-Dumb: "It is better, methinks, that the State of Massachusetts should have a school of its

own, for mutes. I rejoice to know that the most intelligent mutes are united in the belief that the establishment of such a school within that State, independent of 'Old Hartford,' would bring about a better state of affairs. I have no doubt of the ultimate success of the measure for which you have been contending ever since it was proposed. 'The last is the best,' so take heart, Mr. Smith. 'Never give up the Ship.'"

The following are the passages in the Annual Report of the American Asylum to which we have taken exceptions, in another column.

"As educators of deaf mutes, anxious to train them in the way which will certainly secure to them the greatest good, having carefully examined the different systems in use both in this country and in Europe, and impartially considered and compared their results, we can not conscientiously recommend any important change either in the theory or practice of the Institution entrusted to our care. Indeed, we are not aware that any change in this respect is demanded or desired by its patrons and friends."

"The occasional agitation of the subject in certain quarters has grown out of the necessity of finding a reason for advocating the establishment of another school for deaf mutes in New England in opposition to this. But those more especially interested in the matter, to whom has been entrusted the public money for the education of the deaf and dumb, have examined particularly the merits of this question, and have uniformly decided that neither for this or any other reason is there a demand for such a school. The Committee on Public Charitable Institutions of the Massachusetts Legislature were authorized in January last to visit the American Asylum, in which the deaf mutes from that State have hitherto been educated, for the purpose of looking into its condition generally and of investigating the subject above referred to. They were accompanied by Doctor Howe, Superintendent of the School for the Blind in South Boston, who has had much experience in the management of charitable Institutions and whose suggestions we may presume to have been valuable to the Committee. In their report to the Legislature, they say: 'We can not discharge our duties to the Commonwealth, without referring again to the strenuous and persistent effort for some change in the mode of educating our deaf and dumb. And in the first place we aver that no mode can be adopted so economical as the present: for at present the actual expense per year for each pupil, is one hundred and seventy-seven dollars, and seventy-seven of that is paid out of the avails of the funds of the Institution at Hartford, where our deaf mutes are educated; so that no more need be said in confirmation of the first proposition. Although some who are putting forth exertions to provide some different way for educating this class of pupils say, the question of expense ought not to be considered in settling this question, yet your Committee entertain a very different opinion. We fear lest our charities to portions of our people will result in oppressive and pauper-making burdens on other portions.'"

"We do not claim to have had experience as it regards the best mode of instructing mutes. Yet we are persuaded that the officers of the Asylum at Hartford have investigated this subject, and are well versed in the whole matter, and would not act in opposition to the best interests of the Institution over which they preside with great ability. They receive reports from all kindred Institutions in Europe and our own country. Your Committee, in conclusion on this subject, unite in the unqualified opinion that it would be unwise for the State under existing circumstances, to incur the expense of establishing an Institution within our own borders for the education of the deaf and dumb."

"In furtherance of its aims the convention (Gallaudet Association) has commenced the publication of a newspaper called the Gallaudet Guide, which has been conducted with a good degree of ability. If it shall be managed with reference to the general interests of the deaf and dumb as a class of the community without fostering a clanish spirit and exciting prejudices against those who occupy positions which the want of hearing and speech forbids their filling; and without turning aside from its proper sphere to advocate matters of a local nature in which the majority of its supporters have little or no interest, it may prove of service to them."

The Tattler.

LETTER XVII.

MR. EDITOR:—The July number has just come to hand. After dinner the Tattler,—his coat, vest and cravat being off on account of the intensity of heat,—betook himself to his rocking chair in a most comfortable position, with another chair to rest his feet upon. Thus arranged, and with a cigar in his mouth, he read the paper; and scarcely had he noticed the heading of a communication,—"*TO RAPHAEL PALETTE*," when he looked down at the signature of the writer. Having duly fortified his heart to stand the fire, he proceeded to peruse his excellent friend, Mr. Flourney's reply. Carefully his eyes fol-

lowed every word through the main article, postscripts and notes,—analyzing and weighing the logic of his arguments.

Mr. Editor, the Tattler admits Mr. F. is a regular brick; a genuine Southern gamecock, ever ready to pitch into any body, even Wendell Phillips himself. What a command of language he has! Lightning-like his mind flashes, and, with a velocity calculated to astonish Old Saturn, his pen dashes through thunder-clashes and flies over the paper in the worst possible chirography, which, the Tattler is informed, bothers your printers most dreadfully.

As is universally acceded, Mr. F. is an able writer; but that he is a logician, the Tattler has as yet seen nothing in his (Mr. F.'s) articles which would justify.

As to his hobby, judging from the incoherency of his arguments and the excessive nervousness of his diction, his Bucephalus is literally *floored*; but, seeing that his hind legs are now kicking in the air, he still lives. As soon as the Southern mail routine is resumed, and Mr. F. reads Lizzie's communication, which itself is a brilliant *coup de grace* to the death of the steed which has long carried his indomitable knight through the pen-and-ink war, he will, it is hoped, give to the defunct *critter* a decent burial at the South West corner of his plantation, whither, according to Mr. Senex's insinuation, he has gone to play the shepherd. On that occasion, Rev. Wendell Phillips will be happy to deliver an eulogy on the excellent qualities of the Georgian Bucephalus. Mr. F. is also assured that a suitable monument, for which the Tattler will most cheerfully furnish designs *gratis*, will be reared to his memory at our own expense; and upon its tablet will be inscribed an epitaph in Latin by the learned Editor of the American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb. Poor Bucephalus!

Requiescat in pace.

But, as Mr. F. dropped a hint that he might go to his colony as soon as it was in motion, the name of Booth suggests Boothia—a land somewhere in the Arctic Zone, belonging—if I mistake not—to Mr. Booth of Iowa. The Tattler feels sure that Mr. Booth will, with a readiness creditable to his heart, offer his whole land to Mr. F. and his fellow-colonists, at one red cent an acre, and receive the payment therefor in the Georgia shipplasters in case hard money is not to be had.

Boothia is a de-light-ful place to live in; abounds in seals and Esquimaux squaws who will make nice wives for the bachelors of Gallaudetia, since Lizzie—O, Cruel One!—has flatly refused to accompany them, and it is apprehended that all our mute girls will imitate her example.

To the Tattler's surprise, Mr. F. asserts to the effect that "R. P. has abandoned the idea of a new Deaf Asylum." As far as he could, R. P. abstained from discussing the matter, with the purpose of fulfilling his intention at a proper time, probably this year, to lay in some other papers a full treatise on the educational and domestic management, hitherto pursued at our Institutions, more especially the New York Institution; and that with several important facts, of which he is more than amply in possession, to convince our State legislators of the necessity of new auxiliary asylums.

Moreover, Mr. F. is in error that R. P. "ventured to take up cudgels for Reynard," for Reynard is competent to wield the cudgels over Mr. F.'s head, and doubtless, in the midst of his multifold duties, he will find an opportunity to deal on his antagonist's pate such raps as may make him see the Great Bear at noon.

In the June number, the Tattler was exceedingly pleased—nay—delighted with the brilliant display of Mr. F.'s knowledge of the human races. The Georgian genius elucidated the Tattler's, as well as Senex's, benighted mind that Napoleon was a quadroom. Napoleon a quadroom! In deed, for this important discovery Mr. F. deserves a gold medal from the embryo Gallaudetia Academy of Sciences. Since Napoleon was a quadroom, what will Louis Napoleon say when he finds he's an octadroom?

Seriously, Senex has answered quite correctly,—contradicting *in toto* Mr. F.'s assumptions. And as to his positive assertion that the negro's color "was, I (Mr. F.) hold, by miracle, not climate," the Tattler, whom Mr. F. sternly admonished to cultivate his logical acumen, and that with less lenity, respectfully asks whether Mr. F. will not perceive the fallacy of his opinion just expressed, when he reads the medical authority, and whether, since that opinion is found fallacious, all his other opinions on different subjects are not equally fallacious.

Cruveilhier, in his immortal work on Anatomy, treating of the *Pigmentum*, says: "All the different shades of color observed in the skin of the several races of mankind belong to either the white, the black, or the copper-colored variety: they depend upon the presence of a coloring matter called the *Pigmentum*, which exists in the European as well as in the negro, though in a less marked degree, and which is deposited beneath the epidermis. This coloring matter may be demonstrated in the skin of the negro with the greatest facility by means of maceration. It is then found not to be contained in special vessels, but to be deposited beneath the epidermis (the cuticle,) where it constitutes a uniform layer, that either comes off with the epidermis or remains attached to the dermis, but is independent of either. . . .

"The color of the skin, which is a matter of such interest in the natural history of mankind, and which forms one of the principal characters of the several human races, has a tolerably constant relation to the color of the hair: thus, individuals with light hair have generally fairer skins than such as have dark hair; and thus, also, red hair is accompanied with a somewhat analogous color of the skin. In albinos the coloring matter is deficient in the skin, as it is in the hair, and in the interior of the eye. Moreover, the transition, in regard to the color of the skin, from the white to the black races of mankind, occurs through a succession of intermediate shades: thus I have found a coloring matter precisely similar to that of the negro's skin beneath the epidermis of several Europeans, particularly upon the scrotum, and upon the tanned faces of those who have lived exposed to a strong solar heat."

The last sentence confirms the opinion which Saint Pierre expressed, in his "Studies of Nature," that "the color of all those nations is so much the effect of climate, that the descendants of Europeans, settled there, assume the black tint after the lapse of some generations. This is perceptible in India, in the posterity of the Moguls, tribes derived from the extremity of Asia, whose name signifies *whites*, at this day as black as the nations they have conquered."

Here the Tattler wonders if Mr. Flourney can muster his ingenuity to set forth sophisms in direct opposition to the above authorities. Perhaps he will adopt Sir Falstaff's sage observation,—Discretion is the better portion of valor.

With regard to the negro's characteristic features, alluded to in Senex's article, inasmuch as the writer wondered how the negroes could have descended directly from Noah, while the Caucasians, who descended from the same man, should have skins and features so widely different from the negro's, the attention of Senex is called to the laws of Nature which are always in perfect concordance with the climates of the earth. As this matter requires a great deal of treating, and therefore renders it impossible to insert in this letter all that which may be said, the Tattler will give but one example which he thinks will suffice to satisfy Senex's curiosity.

An Irish family emigrates to this country. A son settles his home at the North, and another son, at the South. Children and grand-children are born to them, and, Mr. Senex will please mark it, bear much less of the Irish characteristics in their lineaments; and, remarkable to say, the Northerners do not in the least resemble the Southerners, though they both descended from the same parent stock. Whence came this difference? From the effect of the climates in which they live. So Mr. Senex will be able to trace the causes of the negro's thick lips, flat nose and projecting heels.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

July 11, 1861.

P. S. Mr. Flourney does gross injustice to himself, as well as to us of the North, by saying that we do not accept his scheme because he is a Southerner. We all admire his talents; but we prefer to be where we are.

R. P.

Enigma.

Answer to the Enigma in the June number. "The Star Spangled Banner."

ENIGMA.

BY A MUTE BALTIMOREAN.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 14, 2, 16, 17, 18, is a noun.
My 6, 3, 7, is a measure.
My 1, 4, 15, 5, is an American quadraped.
My 8, 10, 12, 13, are a kind of travelling fishes.
My 9, 11, 13, 10, is an adverb.
My whole is a very distinguished volunteer officer who was at once killed by an inimical citizen.

From the Public Servant.
New Year Presents.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

The first favor that I was exceedingly happy in acknowledging on New Year's morning, was a copy of the "Hartford Gazette," with the words "Jos. Mount" written a top. The next favor came in the shape of a kiss, from a lovely she, and I relished it highly.

"This kissing is a darn'd queer thing,
I like it nation well by gosh,
I think it's most as good by jing,
As pumpkin pie—made out of squash."

At 10 o'clock, A. M., I sat for my portrait to Mr. Ennis, No. 214 Chestnut street, south side, and a mighty accurate likeness it was. I showed it to my friends, male and female, young and old, pretty and homely, all of whom united in expressing the opinion that it was a well executed counterfeit of the original. "What do you intend to do with your portrait?" said they, "I intend to send it to Newburg," I replied, "To Newburg? in Cumberland county?" "Yes, my friends." "To whom?" "To H. S. Fisher," "Is he your friend?" "Yes. He is the Editor of the Public Servant."

My friends smiled approvingly. It was 2 o'clock, P. M. A young gentleman, by trade an engraver, and who, by the way, is preparing a piece for the "Public Servant," to illustrate the surgical operation upon a diseased tooth, came into my room alone as expected. I saw him take something out of his coat pocket, which proved to be a likeness of his respected self, daguerretyped a few minutes before. "Accept this gift of remembrance from your sincere friend," said the young gentleman, placing the picture into my hand. I scrutinized it with the eye of cold and stern criticism, and I found it the best likeness that had ever been taken of my worthy friend. It was a very small affair six inches long, by four wide. Nor did my friend's liberality end here. He presented me with an enormous bit of cake and a pocketful of nuts.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., I was the honored recipient of the *Public Servant* of Dec. 30, H. S. Fisher, Editor. On page 4, I saw an original paper on "time" by Mary Smith, well written; and on page 2 the leaders on "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Kindness of Editors," "Our Whaling Voyage, No. 15," "Congressional," "Fodder" and "Christmas."

At 6 o'clock, my supper was sugary, consisting of cake, candy and molasses—no bread, no butter, no tea, for I wished none of these. I thought of my dear S—n, of her sweetly sad face, of her mild blue eyes and their varying expressions, and muttered, "S—n, my own S—n, I desire no New Year's gift, except in the form of your heart." No S—n appeared to enliven my weary hours with her smiles during the whole of New Year's day. I longed to give her a New Year's kiss; nor did she give me one.

At 8 o'clock, I went to bed, still thinking of my gentle S—n, and dreamed that her father sent me a New Year's present in the person of S—n. She and I fell to kissing. She was the most splendid gift I ever received.

I shall not describe my mortification when, on awakening in the grey of morning, I found that my glorious dream was only a device of Old Nick.

From the Public Servant.
Strange Names.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

There is a pretty little village in the northern part of Maryland, which is called "Wye," and another in the middle section of the same state called "Tobaccostick."

In the city of Raleigh, N. C., they publish a humorous paper named "The Live Giraffe." Its head is handsomely ornamented with a picture of the tall animal, after which the paper is called. A New weekly paper has just been established in the city of Delaware with the title of the *Patriotic Politician*. I have often had the pleasure of reading the "Blue Chicken," a weekly sheet printed at Wilmington, Del.; and the "Huntress," at Washington D. C., edited by an old lady. My readers have doubtless heard tell of the "Lilly," at Seneca Falls, N. Y., published by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer. The "Magnet," has just sprung into existence brimful of fun, philosophy and anecdote, and is printed in red and black ink. There is a daily paper published in Cincinnati or Cleveland—most likely the former—which is honored with the name of "The Capital Fact," I

have seen, though I do not believe it, mention made of the "Apple Dangling," newspaper far away up in Pennsylvania. I remember once to have read an amusing sort of essay culled from the "Revolver." Almost every person conversant in modern literature, must have seen the "Idler," published by Dr. Johnson. I esteem myself a "lucky dog" in the matter of possessing several stray numbers of the "Scorpion," a weekly paper devoted to the exposition of rowdism, scoundrelism and other isms of the same sort. A tailor in Market street, Philadelphia, has been publishing "The Man in the Moon," for some time. The "Screw Driver," has been quoted by some papers as the name of a hebdomadal, which made its appearance in Cincinnati a short time ago.

I would suggest to some Printer who contemplates publishing a newspaper, the propriety of putting to it the name of "Joe the Jersey Mute," though the editor were not a mute. The name which I propose, would in all likelihood, insure for the paper the patronage of all classes of the community, except the personal enemies of the veritable Joe, the Jersey Mute.

Somebody has laid the reading public under infinite obligations to him, for his (no doubt) interesting work on "Single Blessedness." He takes a most determined stand against the tying of the "silken knot that binds two willing hearts."

Dr. Duval has thrown to the world a medical treatise on the "Secret of Love and Beauty," illustrated with splendid engravings. Another physician, published a medical book, entitled "The blushes and smiles of Modesty," which treats of the pleasures of connubial love properly enjoyed.

A friend of mine, who teaches a school, was once obliged to dismiss as a hopeless idiot, a young man, whose name was Timothy Wise. One of his scholars, named Pious, outdevilized Satan. A lady in Philadelphia celebrated for her peerless beauty, is known by the name of Jane Homely.

There are many varieties of the apple, known only to those who are employed in cultivating the fruit. The "Lady's Blush," is a small round apple, streaked with a brilliant red. The "Lady's Little Finger," is a trifle larger than the Lady's Blush. The "Sheep's Nose," is middle sized, with a rich, slightly juice.

Debtor and Creditor.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men met in Wall Street. They were merchants.

"What do you think of Carlton's affairs, Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.

"I think we shall secure a pretty fair per centage. Don't you?"

"Yes, if we wind him up."

"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."

"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull; but every thing looks encouraging now."

"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go on, you lose every cent."

"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."

"It's always a risk. I go by the motto 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get to-day, and never trust to the morrow. This is my way of doing business."

"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"

"How?" with a look of surprise.

"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."

"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."

"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."

"I never doubted it. But what of that?"

"If we break him up in business, the evil will not visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."

"In trade we never consider a man's family relations."

"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a man?"

"As a man who owes us, and is unable to pay what is due; but in no other light," replied Mr. Elder, with a slight curl of the lip.

"There we differ widely."

"And will continue to differ, I imagine. Good-morning, Mr. Highland."

The two men parted.

An hour previous, Mr. Carlton, about whom they had been conversing, sat with his family, a wife and three daughters, at the breakfast table. He tried to converse in his usual cheerful manner, but too heavy a weight was upon his heart. There had come a crisis in his affairs, which he feared would not be passed without ruin to himself. If the effects of this would not reach beyond his store and counting-room—if upon his head alone would fall the fragments of a broken fortune, he would not have murmured. But the disaster could not stop there! It would extend even to the sanctuary of home.

As their father had little to say, the daughters chatted about various matters of interest to themselves. They little knew how many a pang their words occasioned. Bright hopes glittered for them in the distance; but the father alone knew how imminent was the danger that threatened destruction to all these luring hopes. He felt oppressed and gloomy when he left the house and bent his steps in the direction of his store.

On the day previous he had called in a few of his creditors and asked of them an extension. If this were not given, it would be impossible for him to keep on longer than a few weeks. The spirit in which most of his creditors had received the unexpected announcement that he was in difficulties, gave him little to hope. He was to have another interview with them during the day. From that, as it would exhibit the result of a night's reflection upon the minds of his creditors, he would be able to see clearly his chances of being sustained in business. He awaited the hour with nervous anxiety. When it arrived, and the few creditors called in had assembled, he saw little in their faces to give him hope. The first who spoke out plainly was Elder.

"I, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "am opposed to all extensions. If a man cannot pay as he goes, I think he had better wind up."

"If all do not agree in this matter, it will be no use to attempt extending Mr. Carlton's time," remarked one of the creditors, who thought and felt as did Elder, but was not willing to come out so plainly.

"That is very true," said a third. "A partial extension will be of no use."

The heart of poor Carlton almost ceased to beat.

"Have you any objection to retiring for a few minutes?" said Mr. Highland to the debtor.

"I will withdraw, certainly," returned Mr. Carlton, and left the room.

"My own view, gentlemen," said Mr. Highland, "is, that we ought to grant all that is asked. Mr. Carlton's business is good, and he will get over his present difficulties easily, if we only assist him a little. We should be just, as man towards man; and this I do not think we shall be in this case, unless we consider Carlton as well as ourselves. He is an honest man, and an honest man in difficulties is always entitled to consideration."

"That is all very well. But when a man gives his note payable at a certain day, he ought to be very sure that he will be able to take it up. Creditors are entitled to some consideration as well as debtors. The cry of 'poor debtor' is soon raised, but who, I wonder, thinks of the poor creditor? I, for one, am not prepared to extend."

This was said by Elder.

"As for me," spoke up another, "I never take but one view of matters like this. If I think I will do better by renewing, I am ready to do so; if by winding up the party now I can do better, I go for winding up. I have confidence in Carlton's integrity; I believe he means well; but can he get through? That is the question."

"I believe he can," said Mr. Highland.

"And I doubt it," returned Mr. Elder.

"Ought we not to consider him as well as ourselves?" urged Mr. Highland. "He has worked very hard for the last ten years, hard as any one of us, and has been as anxious to secure a competence for his family as we have been. We should feel for him, as well as for ourselves. It would be but a trifle for us to lose all our claims, in comparison to the utter ruin to him that would follow our immediate prosecution of them. We could bear to lose ten thousand dollars, apiece; but could he bear the loss of all he has? I hope every man here will suffer his better feelings to become active in this matter. Let us think of his family. If that will not influence us, let us think of our own families, and imagine them threatened with the same evils that now threaten the family of Mr. Carlton."

It is no light thing, gentlemen, let me tell you, to break down a man who is struggling to sustain himself for the sake of those who are dear to him. It is no light thing to extinguish the bright hearth-fire, and scatter those who have gathered for years around it."

In the eager pursuit of wealth, men's hearts become incrustated over, and they seem to lose all regard for each other's personal condition. It requires something more than usual to break up the incrustation. The words of Mr. Highland had the effect to do this with more than one of Carlton's creditors; even Elder did not reply to what he said, but this was more from shame than any other feeling.

"It is rather a hard case, you must yourself confess," remarked one of those present, "to have money that you fully expected to receive and can use to advantage, locked up for two or three years."

"I grant all that; but would it not be a much harder case for Carlton to be broken up root and branch?"

"I suppose it would," the man replied.

"Then let us do by him as we would be done by ourselves, were we in a similar position," said Mr. Highland.

The efforts of Elder to efface the impression the words of Mr. Highland had made, proved in vain. It was agreed that the debtor should receive the extension he asked. When informed of this decision, Carlton could not hide his emotions, though he strove hard to do so. His grateful acknowledgements for the favor granted, touched more than one heart that had been cold as ice towards him a short time before. How different were his feelings when he met his family that evening, and silently thanked Heaven that the cloud which had hovered over and threatened to break in desolating tempests, had passed from the sky.

Long before the arrival of the time for which an extension had been granted, Mr. Carlton was able to pay off every thing, and to look in the face without unpleasant emotions every man he met.

Strange things happen in real life. Mr. Elder was a shipper, and extensively engaged in trade. For a series of years, everything went on prosperously with him; his adventures always found a good market, and his consignments safe and energetic factors. All this he attributed to his own business acumen.

"I never make bad shipments," he would sometimes say. "I never consign to doubtful agents."

A man like Mr. Elder is rarely permitted to go through life without a practical conviction that he is in the hand of One who governs all events. It is rarely that such a one does not become painfully conscious in the end that human prudence is as nothing.

The first thing that occurred to check the confident spirit of Mr. Elder, was the loss of a ship and cargo under circumstances that gave the underwriters a fair plea for not paying the risk. He sued, and was cast. The loss was twenty-five thousand dollars.

A few weeks after, news came that a shipment to the South American coast had resulted in a loss. From that time everything seemed to go wrong. His adventures found a glutted market, and his return cargoes a depression of prices. If he held on to a thing in the hope of better rates, prices would go down, until, in a desperate mood, he would sell; then they would go up steadily. The time was when he confined himself strictly to legitimate trade; but a mania for speculation now took hold of him, and urged him on to ruin. He even ventured into the bewildering precincts of the stock market, lured by the hope of splendid results. Here he stood upon ground that soon crumbled beneath his feet. A loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars cured him of this folly, and he turned with a sigh to his counting-room, to digest with care and prudent forethought, some safe operation in his regular business.

But the true balance of his mind was lost. He could not consider with calmness the business in hand. A false move was the consequence. Loss instead of profit was the unfortunate result.

Seven years from the day Mr. Elder opposed an arrangement with Mr. Carlton, which should regard the debtor as well as the creditor, he himself found it impossible to provide for all his heavy payments. For some time he had kept his head above water by making sacrifices; but the end of this came.

After a sleepless night the merchant started one morning for his store, oppressed with the sad conviction that before the day

closed his fair fame would be tarnished. As he walked along Broadway, Mr. Carlton came to his side with a cheerful salutation. Mr. C. was now a large creditor instead of debtor. On that very day, bills in his favor had matured to the amount of five thousand dollars; and these Elder could not pay. The recollection of this made it almost impossible for him to reply to the pleasant observations of his companion. Vividly, as if it had occurred yesterday, came up before his mind the circumstances that had transpired a few years previously. He remembered how eagerly he had sought, from the merest selfish motives, to break down Mr. Carlton and throw him helpless upon the world, and how near he was to accomplishing the merchant's total overthrow. Such recollections drove from his mind the hope that for a moment had presented itself of enlisting Mr. Carlton's good feelings, and securing him as a friend in the trial through which he was about to pass.

Several times during the walk towards Pearl Street, he was on the point of breaking the matter to Mr. C., but either his heart failed him, or his companion made some remark to which he was compelled to reply. At length they separated without any allusion by Mr. Elder to the subject on which he was so desirous of speaking. He had not the courage to utter the first word.

But this was only postponing for a very brief period, the evil day. Several remittances were anxiously looked for that morning. He broke the sealing, letter after letter, with trembling anxiety. Alas! the mail brought him no aid. His last hope was gone. Nothing now remained for him but to turn his face bravely to the threatening storm and bear up against its fury.

For hours he debated the question as to what course it was best for him to pursue. At one time he thought of leaving all in ignorance of his condition, until the notary's protest should startle them from their ignorance. Then he thought it would be best to notify the holder of paper due on that day that it would not be taken up. It was one o'clock before he could calmly resolve on what course to take. Then it seemed to him best to give notice of his condition. He prepared brief notes to all, but Mr. Carlton first. His heart failed him when he attempted to write his name. Vividly, as if it had occurred but the day previous, came up before his mind all the circumstances attendant upon that gentleman's appeal to his creditors. His cheek burned when he remembered the position he had assumed in that affair.

But, even though such were his feelings, when he came to despatch the notes he had prepared he could only find courage to send the one written to Mr. Carlton. The other creditors, whose bills had matured that day, he thought he would go and see; but half an hour passed without his acting upon the resolution to do so. Most of this time was spent in walking uneasily the floor of his counting-room, or in examining certain accounts in his ledger, or entries in his bill book. He was bending, all absorbed, over a page of calculations at his desk, when some one who had entered unperceived pronounced his name. He turned quickly and looked Mr. Carlton in the face. The color mounted instantly to the temples of Mr. Elder. He tried to speak, but could not.

"Your note has taken me altogether by surprise," said Mr. Carlton. "But I hope things are not so bad as you suppose."

Mr. Elder shook his head. He tried to speak but could not.

"How much have you to pay to-day?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply, in a husky voice.

"How much have you towards it?"

"Not two thousand."

"How much falls due to-morrow?"

"Four thousand."

"How much in a month?"

"Fifty thousand."

"What will be your available resources?"

"Not half the amount."

"Haven't you good bills?"

"Yes; but not negotiable."

Mr. Carlton mused for some time. At length he said:

"You must not lie over to-day."

"I cannot help it."

"If you will transfer to me, as security in case you have to stop payment, the bills of which you speak, I will lend you the amount you want to-day."

The color retired from the cheeks of Mr. Elder, and then came back with a quick flush. He made no answer, but looked steadily and doubtfully into Mr. Carlton's face.

"I have been in difficulties myself, and I know how to sympathize with others," said the latter. "We should aid, if we can, but not break down a fellow-merchant when in trouble. Endorse bills to my order for the sum you want, and I will fill up a check for the amount."

Elder turned slowly to his desk, and took therefrom sundry notes of hand in his favor at various dates from six to twelve months, and endorsed them payable to Carlton, who immediately gave him a check for eight thousand dollars and left the store.

A clerk was instantly despatched to the bank, and then Mr. Elder sunk into a chair, half stupified. He could hardly believe his senses until the cancelled notes were placed in his hands.

Rebuked and humble in spirit, the anxious merchant retired from his counting room and sought his home. His heart felt lighter than it had been for many days, and yet he could feel its weight in his bosom. In his extremity aid had come, but from a quarter least dreamed of—from one who, in a like extremity, had asked him for consideration, but asked in vain.

On the next morning, Mr. Elder went to his place of business with feelings but little less troubled than they had been on the day before. His payments were lighter, but his means were, for the first time, exhausted. The best he could do would be to borrow; but he already owed heavily for borrowed money and was not certain that to go farther was practicable. He thought of Mr. Carlton; but every feeling of his heart forbade him to seek further aid from him.

"I deserve no consideration there, and I cannot ask it," he murmured as he pursued his way toward his store. The first thing that met his eye on entering his counting room was a pile of ship letters. There had been an arrival from Valparaiso. He broke the seal of the first one he took up, with eagerness. "Thank God!" was his almost immediate exclamation. It was from one of his captains, and contained drafts for fifteen thousand dollars. It also informed him that the ship Sarah, commanded by said captain, would sail for home in a week, with a return cargo of hides and specie amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The voyage had been profitable beyond expectation.

Elder had just finished reading the letter, when Mr. Carlton came in. Seizing the kind-hearted merchant by the hand, and pressing it hard he said, with emotion—"Mr. Carlton you have saved me! Ah! Sir, this would be to me a far happier moment, if, seven years ago, when you were in trouble, I had as generously aided you."

"Let the past sleep in peace," returned Mr. Carlton. "If fortune has smiled again, permit me to rejoice with you, as I do with all who are blessed with favoring gales. To meet with difficulties is of use to us. It gives us the power of sympathy with others; and that gift we should all desire, for it is a good thing to lift the burden from shoulders bent down with too heavy a weight, and throw sunlight over a heart shaded by gloom."

Mr. Elder recovered from his crippled condition in the course of a few months. He was never again known to oppress a suffering debtor.

A SILENT ZOUAVE COMPANY.—On Saturday the citizens of Hartford were surprised by the appearance of a "Zouave" Company of boys, marching in silence through the streets, and though led by neither drum, fife, or any other music, yet keeping perfect step, and moving as rapidly almost as the original Zouaves in Algiers, and far more orderly. They were a company of deaf mutes, from the American Asylum. Their Captain's name is Dean. Their uniform is the red cap, white shirt and red trousers.—*Boston Herald*, July 8.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY WHO ESCAPED FROM ST. DOMINGO IN 1804. Mrs. Sauguey de la Bossiere, died recently, at Baltimore, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. She was one of the few who escaped from the horrors of the massacre in St. Domingo, in 1804. Her husband was a distinguished lawyer in St. Domingo, and was attorney-general of the colony while it was under the rule of France. Previous to the revolt he went to France and died there. She reached Baltimore, where she lived and died, in all her life remarkable for her unostentatious charities. She was the niece of the Abbe Sicard de Lascaze, successor of the Abbe Lepece, the founder of the institution for the deaf and dumb in Paris.

The Festival of Death.

SINGULAR CUSTOM OF THE JAPANESE.

An intelligent tourist gives the following interesting account of certain customs among the Japanese:

Nagasaki is built along the bay, around the basis of the different hills and mountains, and in terrace-form up their sides, presenting a very picturesque appearance.

Many of the temples occupy the prettiest spots on those hill sides, which are likewise the burial ground for the inhabitants. Many of the temples in these elevated positions are surrounded on all sides by tombs, which extend upwards to the very tops of the mountains.

The dead are buried in a species of tub, in a sitting posture to save space, and over them is always erected a monument. When a man dies, the widow has at the same time her tomb-stone erected, but the inscription on it is painted red, the only indication that she is still really among the living. The priests usually have their own houses near the temple among these tombs. They are exceedingly fond of renting them out to foreigners to make a little money. It was my good fortune to rent one for my use; situated on a considerable height, it commands a most magnificent view of the town, country and harbor, its only objection being the number of mosquitoes infesting it. Unlike other mosquitoes they torture their victims by day as well as by night.

It appears that the water standing in a little trough before each monument in the different tombs has much to do with their presence in this locality. This water is put there for the use of the spirits of the dead. Flowers, also, and incense are offered up before the monuments. Once in a year the greatest festival of the people takes place at these tombs—the "Worship of the Ancestors." No man works in all this time. As it is one of the two occasions of the year when debts are allowed to be collected, all are busy during the day to attend to this. After dark then they gather around the tombs of their departed friends, which are most beautifully illuminated by paper lanterns. I counted in one little tomb, of no larger proportions than eight or ten feet, as many as seventy-five lanterns.—Intermixed with the large white and yellow lanterns, I noticed some very neatly finished and smaller red ones, which were to denote the number of children buried in the tomb.—While these lanterns are burning, the relatives are praying at the monuments! then perhaps take a little supper which they bring with them. Finally some of them fall asleep among the burial places.

The Japanese enter this festival heart and soul, and, not satisfied with praying, they let off large quantities of fireworks. In order to see the grand illumination to the best advantage, I left my "mammoth house" and descended some hundred and eighty steps, down to the first street, which still has a downward direction, until I reached the shore. I took a boat and went off some distance on the smooth water. Then looking around and above me, I beheld a spectacle such as cannot be seen in any other part of the world. All the hillsides above the dwellings were illuminated to the very tops. They appeared as if covered with flaming crowns upon their heads. It is impossible to give an appropriate description of this wonderful magic-like inexpressibly beautiful sight.

The last night of the festival, a most singular proceeding puts a close to this annual ancestor worship.—The Japanese believe that the spirits visit their tombs during the time of this worship. In order now to enable them to go back again to their place of rest, (a kind of heaven), they manufacture all sorts of boats, skiffs, junks, etc., out of straw or paper, decorate them prettily, and load them with colored paper lanterns. Some of these vessels are sixty feet long, with masts and sails upon them. I even saw a most perfect side wheel steamer model—a very good imitation, and of excellent proportions. The Japanese seem to be, in general very apt to make their imitations almost perfect as regards this last quality. On the third night, about an hour after midnight, all these vessels are carried to the shore of the bay, while the bells are ringing and all the lanterns are burning. There they are set afloat, the carriers carrying them as far away from the land as the depth of water will allow, I had taken a boat to get a good view of this illumination flotilla, expecting something grand, but I was rather disappointed. Ere any of the vessels could float off far, some one would cause them to ignite entire, straw and paper, lanterns, and masts; and as soon as this took place, a legion of "wreckers" swimming about like frogs, in

all directions, would draw the burning flame under water, to save and appropriate whatever valuable articles remained unburnt.

It was quite amusing to see them swim off triumphantly with a piece of bamboo or half a boat of straw, loading gradually boats of considerable size with their spoils. A young Japanese, on being asked how the spirits managed to get here, not having any boats to bring them, but only to carry them back, after their arrival, said that he thought they would swim here. Most probably, after three days' abode among the anti-drinking Japanese, they become quite incapable of walking or swimming back. This reminds me of a curious explanation a young priest of Budha gave of the two distinct beatings of a drum in the temple just below our residence every evening at about seven o'clock. The first beating is to let Budha know that he can take a "nap"; the second, that it is time for him to go to Heaven. It is a curious fact that only a priest himself could give information on this point, while almost everybody else was unacquainted with the cause of a noise daily heard, and this too, a part of their own religious ceremonial.

But Japanese leave all such things to the priests, considering it out of their line of business to concern themselves about them. Any question in regard to similar ceremonials they will answer by saying: "The priest knows that he is in the temple. It is his business to know it." Yet they keep their temples in admirable condition. In fact, when I first went through the streets at night, and saw the candles burning before a shrine in each house, I thought the people remarkably devoted to their creed. I soon, however, learned that this religious observance is enforced by a law which would recognize a person not illuminating his idol in the dark at once as a Roman Catholic. The morals of the Japanese are perfectly frightful.

The Utility of Refuse Things.

The prusiate of potash is made in large quantities in Cincinnati, from the hoofs, horns, and other refuse of slaughtered grunners.

Cow hair, taken from the hides in tanneries, is employed for making plastering mortar, to give it fibrous quality.

Sawdust is sold for sprinkling the floors of markets. It is also used for packing ice for shipping.

The rags of old worn-out shirting, calico dresses, and the waste of Cotton factories, are employed to make the paper upon which these lines are printed.

Old ropes are converted into fine note paper, and the waste paper itself, which is picked up in the streets, and thus does duty in revolving stages.

The parings of skins and hides, and the ears of cows, calves and sheep, are carefully collected and converted into glue.

The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory raspings—the bones and tendons of animals.

Bones converted into charcoal for roasting in retorts are afterwards employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, etc.

The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal in making gas, is employed for saturating orchil and cudbear, in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and fine woollen goods.

Carbonic acid, obtained in the distillation of coal tar, is employed with other acids to produce beautiful yellow colors on silk and wool.

The shavings of cedar wood, used in making pencils, are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.

Brass filings and old brass kettles are remelted and employed to make the brass work of printing presses and pumps.

Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze chandeliers, for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.

Old horse shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling pieces.

Subdue Your Child's Will.

How seldom do we see a person whose self-will was not restrained in childhood, becoming a Christian in later years. "A child left to himself," not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself. The parent, who neglects, with love and firmness, to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hatheth his own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

The son of pious, but too-indulgent parents, left home and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heart-broken, but wrote continually to him letters overflowing with affection and earnest entreaties to leave his sinful ways.

A friend was in his room "when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience; then sat a few moments lost in thought, when, suddenly rising, he dashed the letter in the fire, exclaiming "There, let them warn, write letters, pray, and whine; it is of no use. A good whipping, well laid on ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will, while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother of a little girl who was always delicate and subject to fits at any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible, and never let her be crossed. But instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her peevish, irritable and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did her other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey, or be punished.

Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed to it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success.

Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last the little offender was completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once at midnight she waked her mother with the entreaty, "Oh, mamma, pray for me, I am a great sinner." It was not long before she gave good evidence that she "was born again."

The mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mamma, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent, will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child when you cannot pray at the same time for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger will do more harm than good.

Some of Franklin's Maxims.

The following from the pen of the great American philosopher, Dr. Franklin, should be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every school-room. These maxims, though often printed, lose nothing of their value by repetition:

1. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as Want; and a great deal more saucy.
3. Silk and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of good luck.
5. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.
6. Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimnies than to keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.
9. The eyes of a master will do more work than both of his hands.
10. What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
11. He that goes a borrowing returns sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.
15. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needest not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessities.

The Drunkard.

It was midnight. In an upper room of an old tenement sat a pale, emaciated woman, who has not yet seen twenty-five summers. She had toiled all day at the needle, and all the long hours of the night, and now, exhausted, paused a moment to relieve her aching eyes. Near her, upon a scanty bed, lay one whose hairs were frosted with age. It was this poor woman's mother. She, too, had been sewing, sewing until her aged eyes could see no longer, and she threw herself upon the bed to obtain a little sleep. The two poor women are compelled to sew, sew, day and night, to support each other and one other. Who is the other? The wife, as she

pauses in her task, imagines she hears his footsteps stumbling on the stairway. It is her husband—one whom, not long ago, she wedded, proud, at the time, of his manhood and love. But, a short time has made wonderful changes in him. He is still the kind-hearted, generous man he was when first she knew him; but he has become a drunkard, and that explains the change. When under the influence of liquor, he is a demon. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the vice grows upon him, and now he never comes home sober, and then only to destroy the quiet of his impoverished home. And from the earnings of that broken-hearted wife's needle he dare, again and again, filch money with which to satisfy his burning appetite.

The wife listens for the foot-steps on the stairway. How she does hope that for once they may sound as they used to sound, bold and manly. But the hope is crushed, for after a moment's stumbling noise, the door flies open, and the inebriated husband, cursing and raving, plunges in upon the floor. Her heart sinks within her, as he arises and demands money with which to purchase whiskey. She has not a penny. All that day has she sat and sewed, without a morsel to satisfy her hunger. The last penny was expended for a candle, the last morsel given to her aged mother.

"Money, money, curse you, money," roars the crazy husband.

"I've none, not a penny to give you," responds the wife in agony.

"You lie," is the return, and stimulated by whiskey he rises again, and seizing a chair plunges it through the window. Crash follows crash, and scream, scream, as article after article of the scanty furniture is destroyed, and the wife attempts to stay the fury of her husband.

Then out of doors is heard the watchman's peculiar rap, heavy steps sound on the stairway, the door flies open once more, and two policemen enter and seize the infuriated man just as he has seized a knife, and aimed to plunge it into the bosom of his devoted wife.

The prisoner, raving and cursing, is dragged down the stairway, and is now secured in an iron cell.

Just such a case happened last night. They happen almost every night in this city; in fact, are so common that in our Police Court they excite no attention. In this case, the husband was committed to prison for ten days. He will stay there perhaps thirty, and then be released only to repeat the scene we have described. Such is the drunkard's home and the drunkard's life, as exhibited at the Police Court.—*Cincinnati Times*, July 12.

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses or judgment, which she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet," was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet-help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—A distinguished physician who died some years since, in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

I have often thought, if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress just over the heart and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, it is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer to a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now, carry the same bulb to its little hand. If the arms be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to 40 degrees. Of course, all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cool currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And, need I add, that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently recurring affections of the lungs, throat and stomach?

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure.

A STORY is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand, whom he was trying to brow beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer—How old are you?
Witness—Seventy-two years.

L. Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?

W. I do not know but it is.
L. State some circumstances that occurred, say some twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember.

W. I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner, it is insolent.

J. Yes, Sir; state it.
W. Well, Sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not?

L. Yes.
W. Well, Sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me—"Mr. D. my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me \$15 to buy him a suit of clothes." I remember, also, Sir, that from that day to this, he has never paid me that sum. That, Sir, I remember, as though it had been but yesterday.

L. (Considerably abashed)—That will do, Sir.
W. I presume it will.

Beautiful and Useful Thought.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death bed. It is hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird like voice, the truthful, affectionate child. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked very much distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?"

"Hush, dear, do be quiet," he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble, loving spirit mingling with its like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with a solemn tenderness. "Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year, as long as I live, and thus my Lillian shall yet speak and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

HAPPY WOMEN.—A happy woman! Is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire light that leaps on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide, would not awake an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

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THE GALLAUDET GUIDE AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST, 1861.

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Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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Twenty Years Married.

Yes, twenty years have winged their flight,
Since that mysterious word I spoke,
When on a beauteous summer night
I first assumed a flowery yoke.
I long had craved the blissful chain,
And cheerfully subscribed the vow;
Perhaps I'd do the same again;
Perhaps—though I am older now.

Ah, well do I recall the time
When she, now pensive by my side,
Stooped, in her blushing morning prime,
A tender, sweet, and bashful bride;
And I so proud of that dear hand,
Could scarce contain myself for bliss:
I'd bought a tract of fairy land,
And sealed my purchase with a kiss.

For happiness we trimmed our sail,
My darling little bride and I,
Hope's breezes blew a pleasant gale,
And gently smiled the summer sky;
The world seemed made for her and me,
All bright wherever we might turn,
Our life to be a tranquil sea—
Sweet innocents! we'd much to learn.

For soon did care's disturbing breath
Its baleful influence impart,
And bitter sorrow, born of death,
O'ercast the sunshine of our heart.
But still as trouble round us rose,
Each closer, fonder, clung to each,
Blessed with the strength of love's repose,
Enduring all that grief could teach.

We'd much of joy, though small our sphere,
And craved no more extended fame,
For children made our dwelling dear—
"Twas wonderful how fast they came.
"The more the merrier," we said,
And in them every wish was blest.
A part in our embrace had staid,
A mound in Woodlawn tells the rest.

Those twenty years have left their trace
Upon her brow, then smooth and fair,
And stole, some say, the witching grace
That once her features used to wear;
But still I see the same kind eyes
Beam on me with a light as true
As when, in love's young paradise,
I first their inspiration knew.

"Politeness Pays." AN EVERYDAY SKETCH.

Among the acquaintances of my youth
there was one Peter Cox; and I am sorry
to say that, from what little stock of patience
he may have possessed, he invested none
of it in Politeness. At all events, he did
not do it when he entered business. Peter
was a builder by trade, and one of the
most thorough and faithful workmen in the
country. If he undertook a contract, he

was sure to perform his part punctually
and properly. Still he was not always
employed, for many who might otherwise
have hired him, were repulsed by his un-
couth manner of treating them, and sought
assistance elsewhere.

"Peter," said his wife to him, one even-
ing, "do you know that you have lost a
good job just by offending Mr. Graham?"
Peter looked up from his paper, and
asked her what she meant.

"I mean," she replied, "that Mr. Gra-
ham has hired Leavitt to build his new
house."

"Well—what of it?" said Peter, rather
crustily.

"Why, I am very sure that he meant to
have hired you to do the job; and that he
would have done so had you not offended him."

"How did I offend him?"

"By not listening to him when he wished
to describe to you his plan for the building."

"His plan was a foolish one."

"Well, suppose it was; if you had felt
it to be your business to tell him so, you
might have done it in a polite way."

"Bah!" cried Peter, with a snap of his
finger, "don't talk of politeness in business.
If I were to bother myself to be polite to
everybody who happened to call upon me,
I should have my hands full."

"I think it would pay," ventured the
wife.

Peter pooh'd at the idea; and then told
his wife that he wanted to read.

About a month after this Peter came
home in unusual spirits. He had been out
of work for some time, and had been rather
moody and crusty. His wife noticed the
change, and asked him what had happened.

"There's a prospect of work," he replied.
"We are to have better times in town.
Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield, has bought
the whole of the water-power on our
stream, and is going to erect a factory here.
I think I'll get the job. They say that
Wilkins would rather have some one here
to do it, and my friends will recommend me."

Mrs. Cox was highly delighted, for she
knew that such a job must pay well; and
she hoped that her husband might not be
disappointed.

A few days afterwards an order came
for some window blinds; and one after-
noon, while he was busy at his bench, a
man came, and watched him at his work
for some few seconds without speaking.
He was a middle aged man, rather coarse-
ly clad; and Peter supposed it must be
some one who wanted work.

"How d'y'e do?" said the stranger, as
Peter laid aside the slat which he had just
finished.

"How d'y'e do?" returned Peter, in a
sort of uncouth grunt.

"That looks like good lumber you're
working there," remarked the visitor.

"It's good enough," was the response.

"What is such lumber worth here?"

"I don't know;" and as Peter thus an-
swered, he took another slat, and began to
plane it.

"I suppose you buy some lumber, sir,"
said the stranger.

"I do when I want it," returned Peter,
without looking up from his work.

"Is there any in town to be sold?"

"They'll tell you at the mill. I don't
saw lumber myself."

"But you know the value of it," re-
marked the stranger, with a slight touch
of feeling in his tone.

"Who told you?" retorted Peter.

"I supposed, as you were in the way of
using considerable lumber of various kinds,
that you would be proper to ask."

"Well, sir," said our grouty builder, in
his uncouth, unkind and ungentelemanly
way, "It so happens that I have something
else to attend to besides keeping the price
of lumber for every body, who may hap-
pen to want a few boards."

"Ah! yes; I didn't know you were so
busy," returned the visitor, in the coolest
and most polite manner imaginable. "Par-
don me if I have interrupted you." And
with this, he left the shop.

Peter Cox had done no more in this in-
stance than he had done a great many
times before; but yet he could not put it
from his mind so easily. Somehow it
clung to him, and even after an hour had
passed, he found himself wishing that he
had treated his visitor with a little more
decency. But it was too late now.

Peter got his blinds all made, and then
waited for news from Byfield, as it was
expected Sumner Wilkins would soon
make arrangements to commence opera-
tions. He felt sure of the job, as his friends
had seen Wilkins, and recommended him
strongly. It would be as good as three
dollars a day to him for several months.

One morning, as Peter came out on to
the street, he heard it remarked that Wil-
kins had got his hands all engaged, and
would not be coming very soon. It could
not be possible, thought our builder. Surely
he would have had some notice of such a
move. Half an hour after that, he was
standing at the door of a grocery, when a
man drove up in a carriage, and came into
the store. He bowed to one or two who
stood there, but gave Peter only a cold
look. It was the man who had called at
his shop two weeks before, and inquired
the price of lumber. He was dressed
plainly as ever, but he drove a splendid
horse, and the carriage was a costly one.

"Who is that man?" Peter asked, after
the stranger had gone.

"That," returned a by-stander, in evi-
dent surprise; "don't you know him?"

"No—Who is it?"

"Why, that is Mr. Wilkins."

"Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield."

"The man who is going to build the
factory?"

"Yes."

Peter Cox left the room with a sinking
heart; and by the time he reached his shop
he was almost sick. What a fall it was.
He went home to dinner, and ere long his
wife had learned the whole story. She
had already learned that the great job had
been given to another, and now why it had
been done.

"Why didn't he let me know who he
was when he came into my shop?" said
Peter in a petulant mood.

"That isn't the question," suggested the
wife, speaking as considerably as possible.

"It would be better, Peter, if you would
ask why didn't you treat him respectfully?"

It seems, from your own account, that he
asked a very simple and proper question—
such a question as any man ought to an-
swer with pleasure. I tell you, my hus-
band, POLITENESS PAYS. If you could
only overcome your habit of treating stran-
gers so uncouthly, you would be greatly
the gainer thereby."

For some days Peter Cox was sore and
morose. He saw the work commenced
upon the factory without his assistance, and
he feared that he should have but little
business for some time to come. He had
at first been inclined to think very hard of
Sumner Wilkins; but when he came to
reflect more calmly, he thought differently.

He could not wonder that the man had
been repulsed by his rudeness.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Peter
was in his shop, doing nothing but think-

ing, when some one entered. He looked
up, and saw Mr. Wilkins.

"How d'y'e do?" said the capitalist.

"How d'y'e do?" returned the builder.

"You are not very busy, I take it,"
added Wilkins.

A quick, rough answer was making its
way to Peter's lips; but he did not speak
it. He recollected himself in season. He
had taken a solemn obligation upon him-
self that he would not allow any more such
words to go out from his mouth upon his
fellow men.

"No, sir," he replied, as soon as the old
spirit had been quelled; "I am not very
busy just now."

"Perhaps you would like to work for
me."

"As you wish it."

"Well," said Wilkins. "I am in want
of help, and should like to employ you. I
meant to have employed you before; and
perhaps you can imagine why I did not.
However," he added, as he saw Peter's
countenance fall, "there's no need of re-
ferring to that, only for the lesson it teach-
es. I felt the cut of your rudeness very
deeply; and, the more so, because I could
not see wherein I had given any occasion
for it."

"I was rude," returned Peter, frankly;
"and as you have intimated, I found a
lesson in the result; and I hope I may
profit by it."

"That's enough, sir. And so we'll let
the past go." Wilkins extended his hand
as he spoke, and Peter grasped it warmly.

"And now," the visitor continued, "let's
come to our business. The man whom I
had engaged to superintend the erection of
my mill, has so much other business that
he would like to be spared from this; so,
if you will take it, I will let him go."

Of course Peter took it; and when the
mill was done, so well and faithfully had
he performed his work, that he had more
offers of valuable contracts than he could
possibly attend to.

But Peter Cox did not forget the prime
secret of this new success. He knew that
he was eminently qualified as an architect
and builder; but this was not all. He also
knew that the last lesson he had learned
was the most valuable one—that the last
investment he had made was yielding him
the greatest interest. And, moreover, the
income from the Politeness which he had
come to possess was not all gross and ma-
terial. No, no—one of its highest and
purest fruits was that which came to his
heart and which remained with him to
bless him, wherever he went.

Self Control.

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mother!" cried a little girl, rushing
into the room where a lady sat reading.
"mother, John struck me in the face with
all his might! Oh, dear, it hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against
her cheek, and threw her head backward
and forward as if she was in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and
the book fell from her hand to the floor.
There was anger in her heart against John,
and, in the blindness of her sudden indig-
nation, she resolved to punish him with a
severe chastisement. But ere she reached
the apartment in which her child had been
playing, she paused suddenly and stood
still. A timely thought glancing through
her mind had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control my-
self," she said, speaking half aloud. Then
after a resolute strife with her angry feel-

ings, the mother went back to the room
where she had left her weeping child, and
sitting down in her old place said, with as
steady a voice as she could command.

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh, dear! how it hurts!" sobbed Ag-
nes, as she came to her mother's side, her
hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and
examined her little girl's cheek. There
was a red mark, as if a blow had been re-
ceived, but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes!" said the mother, now speak-
ing very calmly and gently, yet with a
firmness that at once subdued the excite-
ment of her child's mind. "I want you
to stop crying, and tell me all about this
trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow, and she
looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation
in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face," replied
the child, evincing a great deal of angry
feeling toward her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"What was the trouble between you
and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you
that John struck me in the face with all
his might."

"Tell Mary I wish to see her."

Agnes went for her sister. When they
returned the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me all about this
trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you,
Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of
resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother;
"and while I am doing so, you, Agnes,
must have nothing to say. After Mary
has finished, then you can correct her state-
ment if you wish to. Now, Mary, say
on."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it
was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing
John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister." There was a
tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said
Mary. "John declared that it was, and
tried his best to comfort Agnes: even
promising to give her his pet kitten, if she
would stop crying, and not make trouble
by telling you. But she was angry; and
would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and
then I shall know exactly how far both
were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I
were playing checkers, and Agnes would,
every now and then, steal up behind John
and push his elbow when he was making
a move. It worried him, and he asked
her over and over again not to do so. But
she did not mind what he said. At last
John pushed the board from him and would
not play any longer. He was angry.
Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him.
John got a book, and sat down near the
window to read. He had not been there
long before Agnes stole up behind him,
whipped the book out of his hand, and ran
away. John sprung after her, and they
had a struggle for the book, in which Ag-
nes got a blow upon the face. I was look-
ing at them, and I think the blow was ac-
cidental. It seemed so at the time, and
John declared that he did not mean to
strike her. That is all, mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a
subdued voice. John entered the room in
a few moments. He was pale, and looked
troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking
without apparent excitement, yet with a

touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you
strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer
came through them. He looked into his
mother's eyes for a moment or two, until
tears blinded him, and then he laid his face
down upon her bosom and sobbed. With
love's tender instinct the mother drew her
arm tightly round her boy, and then there
was silence for the space of nearly a min-
ute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whis-
pered the mother, placing her lips close to
the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was," John answered back
with earnestness. "My hand slipped as
I tried to get my book from her, and it
struck her in the face. I was sorry."

What else could the mother do than kiss
with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against
whom, under the influence of anger, she
had passed a hasty judgment. She almost
shuddered at the thought of the unjust
punishment she had come nigh inflicting
while blind from excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Ag-
nes," said the lady, turning with some se-
verity of voice and countenance towards
her little girl, who now stood with the
aspect of a culprit instead of an accused
person.

"It was her turn, mother, to come upon
up quickly. "She loves to tease, you
know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good
spirit," replied the mother, "and I am
sorry that my little girl can find no higher
enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying
her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied
with you, John, but not with Agnes; and
now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their
mother alone with Agnes. When the little
girl joined her brothers and sisters some
time afterward, she had a sober face, like
one whose spirit was not at ease with itself.
She had been guilty of a double wrong,
and had come near drawing down upon
her innocent brother an unjust punishment.
So clearly had her mother brought this to
her view, that shame followed conviction,
and she was now ready to acknowledge
her fault, and promise better conduct in
the future. But the one who profited most
by this scene of trouble, was the children's
mother. After all was harmonized again,
and she was alone with her own thoughts,
she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-
control, and prayed that she might ever
possess her spirit in calmness. She trem-
bled in thinking of the evil that would
have followed a blind punishment of her
noble-hearted boy.

SOPHRONIOUS, a wise teacher of the
people, did not allow his sons and daugh-
ters, even when they were grown up, to
associate with persons whose lives were
not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia, one
day, when he had refused to permit her to
go, in company with her brother, to visit
the frivolous Lucinda—"Father, you must
think that we are very weak and childish,
since you are afraid that it would be dan-
gerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took
a coal from the hearth and handed it to his
daughter. "It will not burn you, my
child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her
tender white hand was black; and without
thinking, she touched her white dress and
it was all blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeas-
ed, as she looked at her hands and dress,
"one cannot be careful enough when hand-
ling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father. "You
see, my child, that the coal, even though it
did not burn you, has nevertheless black-
ened you. So is the company of immoral
persons."

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1861.

Four numbers more and the second volume of the *Gallaudet Guide* is completed. We entered upon our duties at the commencement of the volume, during a season of general business prostration, and when newspapers were daily, every where in all parts of the country, giving up the ghost, and when too, there was a balance against our first volume of no inconsiderable amount. This was not at all encouraging. But with the aid so generously extended by our subscribers, that indebtedness has been discharged, and, to-day, the *Guide* goes forth entirely free from debt. On account of our position on the Massachusetts School question there were those who believed that we were not the man to conduct the paper, an organ of an association of which, moreover, we had never been a member. But we understood our new position, and took off our partisan shoes, so to speak.

How well, under all the circumstances we have refrained from discussing the question, our readers can judge. We have not touched upon it except when directly drawn out and then we have endeavored to dismiss the matter with as few words of reply as possible.

There exists no good reason why the paper should be discontinued. At the close of the year we must resign to stouter hands and abler minds the trust committed to us, and there are no lack of competent men in our midst. If only subscribers will remit the cash to the Treasurer, the continuance of the paper, for which a general desire has been expressed, will be a foregone conclusion.

We have received accounts of successes won by the Union's forces in Missouri, and others giving the particulars of Gen. McClellan's brilliant victories in Virginia, whereby the Northwestern part of that grand old State has been relieved from the pressure of rebellion. The veteran patriot soldier at the head of the military service has won the title of Fabius, and McClellan is entitled to be called the Union's Marcellus. He is the country's sword, as Scott is its shield. The forces of Gen. Patterson have steadily pushed down the rebel army under Gen. Johnson, and though they had not achieved any of those dashing acts that so dazzle the public eye, their services have been none the less valuable on that account. It is a mistake, and one that leads to many an unrighteous judgment, that the chief business of war is the winning of battles. To conquer the enemy in the field, provided he will but fight, is the end to which all military work tends; but if he can be literally "turned out" of his strong positions, one after the other, through the pressure of your armies, well handled by skillful officers, and made to retreat day by day, until his men have become completely demoralized, you should be just as well satisfied as if he had been driven from his ground at the bayonet's point. There is something attractive in the actual shock of battle, which shows that man is naturally a fighting animal, and that the Peace Societies are slightly at fault when they labor to polish him into an Arcadian; and this it is that makes most of us so anxious for rapid charges, attacks in column or in line, heavy cannonades, and rolling fires of musketry, and long returns of killed and wounded heroes. The army under Gen. McDowell, which receives its inspiration immediately from Lieutenant-General Scott, commenced its long-desired advance on Tuesday, July 16th, and up to the time we write, (July 20) it had not encountered an enemy, the rebels abandoning all their posts as the Union's troops marched upon them. What their motive of action is we cannot undertake to say. It may be that they run because they must run; or, it may be that they have retreated, for the purpose of drawing our army towards a field of battle selected by their leaders as the place for a grand duel, in which the quarrel shall be decided at a blow. We shall know all about it in a short time, and so speculation would be idle, and perhaps impertinent. The number of men in "The Grand Army," as it is called, is put at 55,000, and the forces under McClellan and Patterson are supposed to be 45,000 strong, making 100,000 men in arms,—a wonderful spectacle, when we recollect that all these soldiers, with the exception of the few regulars employed, were peaceful citizens one hundred days ago. That such armies have been conscribed and organized in so short a time, is alone sufficient to impress the world with a proper sense of the vast power and abundant means of the Free States. And then there are the troops at Fortress Monroe, those in Maryland, those in Missouri, and the army at Cairo, not to mention the camps that

exist in both the East and the West, remote from all the scenes of actual warfare, but where men are learning the art of war. We most deeply regret that there should have happened any occasion for this display of the country's power, but we cannot help being proud of what has been done. It indicates the healthful condition of the Republic, and proves that it is a nation of men, and of men who know their position in the world, and are capable of making it good against all the evil influences, foreign or domestic, that may be brought to assail it.

The American Asylum at Hartford.

We are indebted to the Principal, for a copy of the forty-fifth Annual Report of the American Asylum, at Hartford, presented to the Directors, May 11, 1861.

Whole number of pupils on the list, 265. Average attendance through the year, 224.

Number of classes, 14; with the same number of teachers. Messrs. Ballard, Sutton and Porter, Instructors, had resigned during the year, and their places had been filled by J. L. Wheeler, D. Tousley, and J. L. Noyes.

The large family in the Asylum had enjoyed unusually good health, no case of death having occurred during the year.

We are compelled to take exception to certain portions of the Report. It speaks of the movement in Massachusetts, for what it is pleased to term an opposition school, and the notice it takes of those engaged in the movement though couched in apparently kind language, is yet somewhat personal. Who are those engaged in the movement alluded to? The Report sneeringly intimates (p. 19) that they are men, who covet positions in the Institution, which their want of hearing and speech forbids their filling. To be sure, it does not say this in plain language, but it intimates the same thing. Name, if they can, one in Boston, who would accept a position in their Institution. They cannot do this—they do not sustain their charge,—they do not abandon it—they evade it, and because we had a year or two ago, introduced to the notice of the Legislature, some of their defects, they now dodge off to talk of their own perfectness, and to make insinuations where they ought not to insinuate.

Failing to sustain themselves in this, they next say that the agitation of the subject of doing away with the French mode of instruction has grown out of the necessity of finding a reason for advocating the establishment of another school in New England in opposition to theirs! Well, for goodness sake, establish your point—bring on the proof. If they are so confident of the fallacy of our plan, why will they not bid us try it that they may, in a year or two, have occasion to crow over the failure?—and there forever end the question. But they know a determined will, never fails. "Where there is a will, there is a way," and their unwillingness to let us make the experiment is thus easily accounted for.

Had Dr. Gallaudet received at the hands of the Abbe Sicard in France, the treatment that he received in England, his next move would probably have been towards Germany, and who knows, but her system of instruction would have been adopted by him and introduced into this country? The German system in that case would have been the system in the American Schools to-day, for teachers of the Deaf and Dumb as a general rule hate change and stick to a thing with the tenacity of a cat to its nine lives.

We admit that the French mode is the quickest to impart ideas to the mute, but it fails in fitting him for a hearing and speaking community, which should be the end and aim of his instruction,—it imparts to him a language akin to that of the American Indian in aboriginal times. The German system which is the slowest mode of instruction is preferable, because it puts him eventually on an even footing with his fellow man, by making him a speaking and apparently a hearing person.

We hold that the eye should do the duty of the ear,—that the mute should be fitted for a hearing and speaking world, and not a hearing and speaking world for him. He should be lost among the hearing as all association of mutes have a direct evil tendency.

If the system of instruction of to-day is forever to remain the system of America, if the American Asylum at Hartford is to remain for all future ages, the school for our children from Massachusetts, then it will only remain to us to see to it that the temple is thoroughly purified and kept so, that the use of *unnatural* signs is dispensed with altogether, and that the teacher has the patience and the energy that the German teacher always possesses, and work over his pupil discarding even all unnecessary

natural signs, and paying more attention than has heretofore been bestowed in the schools to the acquisition of written or connected language. Our great objection to Hartford has been that the number of pupils is too great. Marvel of marvels, if the head of the Institution and his assistants can do justice to a family of 250 pupils all cooped up together,—250 boys and girls. In the days of Gallaudet and Weld, when the number of pupils was but half of what it now is, or even less, the improvement in the pupil was much greater which puts to naught at once all the talk about classification.

If we did not believe this, we should say nothing. But such being our firm conviction, nothing can unroot it.

We take exception also to the report of our Legislative Committee which the Report before us quotes with evident satisfaction. To be sure, the gentlemen comprising the Committee are respectable men, but what do they know, what can they learn in one or two days of the Asylum and its system of instruction? Where did they go for all their information but to Hartford, the interested party? Under the circumstances, no weight whatever can be attached to their conclusions.

And we admit too, that the gentlemen, comprising the Board of Directors of the Hartford Asylum are all respectable and influential men, who would not do any thing wrong themselves or allow it to be done by others. But the high character of the Directors is no guarantee that their subordinates will attend to their duties and do all things in decency and in order, unless they personally superintend the management of the Institution.

It is to be hoped that they will thoroughly investigate any matter hereafter complained of by the mutes however trivial and if the system is bad, institute reform. The high character of the gentlemen on the Board should be a guarantee that this will be done. We know how easy it is to find fault, but it is not easy to right the wrongs that will creep into public Institutions when they will have become thoroughly established.

These remarks, which we have offered, may be applied to other similar Institutions. Take the Reform school at Westboro for instance. The Trustees of that Institution reported from year to year to the Legislature that all was going on right at Westboro until complaints loud and strong were made, and a Committee of the Legislature ascertained that proceedings had taken place there, which to say the least, were not as they should be and a reform was needed.

But that is only a solitary case. The citizens of Mass. pay liberally for the support of the Deaf and Dumb and they should know all the minute details of the management of their Institutions, if the men employed, are competent to their duties, if they attended to them faithfully, etc.

The Institutions have raised up a constituency, who will look well after the interests of their fellow mutes, and to this constituency the Legislature—the people will in time, be induced to look for all reliable information, for they are already beginning to see the folly of their attempts, single handed, to interpret *Dutch* which they so little understand.

In the Massachusetts 10th Regiment, Col. Briggs, is a deaf-dumb private, John Donovan, by name.

Melville Ballard, Esq., Instructor in the Columbia Institution for the Deaf-Dumb was in town last week.

Vacation at Hartford commenced July 17. The Worcester morning train brought two car loads of the pupils to Boston on a visit to their different homes.

Our motto—"The eye must do the duty of the ear—an institution within our own borders for our mute children."

We have been having melting weather—"scorchers" not being an inappropriate word.

Edgar P. Morehouse, a graduate of the New York Institute edits, prints and publishes the "Advocate," a newspaper in Iowa.

Miss Reddon, lately a pupil of the Missouri School, is employed as assistant in the editorial department of the "*Presbyterian and our Union*," a weekly paper at St. Louis.

Extract from a letter from one of the most eminent teachers of the Deaf-Dumb: "It is better, methinks, that the State of Massachusetts should have a school of its

own, for mutes. I rejoice to know that the most intelligent mutes are united in the belief that the establishment of such a school within that State, independent of 'Old Hartford,' would bring about a better state of affairs. I have no doubt of the ultimate success of the measure for which you have been contending ever since it was proposed. 'The last is the best,' so take heart, Mr. Smith. 'Never give up the Ship.'"

The following are the passages in the Annual Report of the American Asylum to which we have taken exceptions, in another column.

"As educators of deaf mutes, anxious to train them in the way which will certainly secure to them the greatest good, having carefully examined the different systems in use both in this country and in Europe, and impartially considered and compared their results, we can not conscientiously recommend any important change either in the theory or practice of the Institution entrusted to our care. Indeed, we are not aware that any change in this respect is demanded or desired by its patrons and friends."

"The occasional agitation of the subject in certain quarters has grown out of the necessity of finding a reason for advocating the establishment of another school for deaf mutes in New England in opposition to this." But those more especially interested in the matter, to whom has been entrusted the public money for the education of the deaf and dumb, have examined particularly the merits of this question, and have uniformly decided that neither for this or any other reason is there a demand for such a school. The Committee on Public Charitable Institutions of the Massachusetts Legislature were authorized in January last to visit the American Asylum, in which the deaf mutes from that State have hitherto been educated, for the purpose of looking into its condition generally and of investigating the subject above referred to. They were accompanied by Doctor Howe, Superintendent of the School for the Blind in South Boston, who has had much experience in the management of charitable Institutions and whose suggestions we may presume to have been valuable to the Committee. In their report to the Legislature, they say: "We can not discharge our duties to the Commonwealth, without referring again to the strenuous and persistent effort for some change in the mode of educating our deaf and dumb. And in the first place we aver that no mode can be adopted so economical as the present: for at present the actual expense per year for each pupil is one hundred and seventy-seven dollars, and seventy-seven of that is paid out of the avails of the funds of the Institution at Hartford, where our deaf mutes are educated; so that no more need be said in confirmation of the first proposition. Although some who are putting forth exertions to provide some different way for educating this class of pupils say, the question of expense ought not to be considered in settling this question, yet your Committee entertain a very different opinion. We fear lest our charities to portions of our people will result in oppressive and pauper-making burdens on other portions."

"We do not claim to have had experience as it regards the best mode of instructing mutes. Yet we are persuaded that the officers of the Asylum at Hartford have investigated this subject, and are well versed in the whole matter, and would not act in opposition to the best interests of the Institution over which they preside with great ability. They receive reports from all kindred Institutions in Europe and our own country. Your Committee, in conclusion on this subject, unite in the unqualified opinion that it would be unwise for the State under existing circumstances, to incur the expense of establishing an Institution within our own borders for the education of the deaf and dumb."

"In furtherance of its aims the convention (Gallaudet Association) has commenced the publication of a newspaper called the *Gallaudet Guide*, which has been conducted with a good degree of ability. If it shall be managed with reference to the general interests of the deaf and dumb as a class of the community without fostering a classish spirit and exciting prejudices against those who occupy positions which the want of hearing and speech forbids their filling; and without turning aside from its proper sphere to advocate matters of a local nature in which the majority of its supporters have little or no interest, it may prove of service to them."

The Tattler.

LETTER XVII.

MR. EDITOR:—The July number has just come to hand. After dinner the Tattler,—his coat, vest and cravat being off on account of the intensity of heat,—bestook himself to his rocking chair in a most comfortable position, with another chair to rest his feet upon. Thus arranged, and with a cigar in his mouth, he read the paper; and scarcely had he noticed the heading of a communication,—"*TO RAPHAEL PALETTE*," when he looked down at the signature of the writer. Having duly fortified his heart to stand the fire, he proceeded to peruse his excellent friend, Mr. Flournoy's reply. Carefully his eyes fol-

lowed every word through the main article, postscripts and notes,—analyzing and weighing the logic of his arguments.

Mr. Editor, the Tattler admits Mr. F. is a regular brick; a genuine Southern gamecock, ever ready to pitch into any body, even Wendell Phillips himself. What a command of language he has! Lightning-like his mind flashes, and, with a velocity calculated to astonish Old Saturn, his pen dashes through thunder-clashes and flies over the paper in the worst possible chirography, which, the Tattler is informed, bothers your printers most dreadfully.

As is universally acceded, Mr. F. is an able writer; but that he is a logician, the Tattler has as yet seen nothing in his (Mr. F.'s) articles which would justify.

As to his hobby, judging from the incoherency of his arguments and the excessive nervousness of his diction, his Bucephalus is literally *floored*; but, seeing that his hind legs are now kicking in the air, he still lives. As soon as the Southern mail routine is resumed and Mr. F. reads Lizzie's communication, which itself is a brilliant *coup de grace* to the death of the steed which has long carried his indomitable knight through the pen-and-ink war, he will, it is hoped, give to the defunct critter a decent burial at the South West corner of his plantation, whither, according to Mr. Senex's insinuation, he has gone to play the shepherd. On that occasion, Rev. Wendell Phillips will be happy to deliver an eulogy on the excellent qualities of the Georgian Bucephalus. Mr. F. is also assured that a suitable monument, for which the Tattler will most cheerfully furnish designs *gratis*, will be reared to his memory at our own expense; and upon its tablet will be inscribed an epitaph in Latin by the learned Editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*. Poor Bucephalus!

Requiescat in pace.

But, as Mr. F. dropped a hint that *he might go to his colony* as soon as it was in motion, the name of Booth suggests Boothia,—a land somewhere in the Arctic Zone, belonging—if I mistake not—to Mr. Booth of Iowa. The Tattler feels sure that Mr. Booth will, with a readiness creditable to his heart, offer his whole land to Mr. F. and his fellow-colonists, at one red cent an acre, and receive the payment therefor in the Georgia shipplasters in case hard money is not to be had.

Boothia is a de-light-ful place to live in; abounds in seals and Esquimaux squaws who will make nice wives for the bachelors of Gallaudetia, since Lizzie—O, Cruel One!—has flatly refused to accompany them, and it is apprehended that all our mute girls will imitate her example.

To the Tattler's surprise, Mr. F. asserts to the effect that "R. P. has abandoned the idea of a new Deaf Asylum." As far as he could, R. P. abstained from discussing the matter, with the purpose of fulfilling his intention at a proper time, probably this year, to lay in some other papers a full treatise on the educational and domestic management, hitherto pursued at our Institutions, more especially the New York Institution; and that with several important facts, of which he is more than amply in possession, to convince our State legislators of the necessity of new auxiliary asylums.

Moreover, Mr. F. is in error that R. P. "ventured to take up cudgels for Reynard," for Reynard is competent to wield the cudgels over Mr. F.'s head, and doubtless, in the midst of his multifold duties, he will find an opportunity to deal on his antagonist's pate such raps as may make him see the Great Bear at noon.

In the June number, the Tattler was exceedingly pleased—nay—delighted with the brilliant display of Mr. F.'s knowledge of the human races. The Georgian genius elucidated the Tattler's, as well as Senex's, benighted mind that Napoleon was a quadroon. Napoleon a quadroon! Indeed, for this important discovery Mr. F. deserves a gold medal from the embry Gallaudetia Academy of Sciences. Since Napoleon was a quadroon, what will Louis Napoleon say when he finds he's an octaroon?

Seriously, Senex has answered quite correctly,—contradicting *in toto* Mr. F.'s assumptions. And as to his positive assertion that the negro's color "was, I (Mr. F.) hold, by miracle, not climate," the Tattler, whom Mr. F. sternly admonished to cultivate his logical acumen, and that with less lenity, respectfully asks whether Mr. F. will not perceive the fallacy of his opinion just expressed, when he reads the medical authority, and whether, since that opinion is found fallacious, all his other opinions on different subjects are not equally fallacious.

Cruveilhier, in his immortal work on Anatomy, treating of the *Pigmentum*, says: "All the different shades of color observed in the skin of the several races of mankind belong to either the white, the black, or the copper-colored variety: they depend upon the presence of a coloring matter called the *Pigmentum*, which exists in the European as well as in the negro, though in a less marked degree, and which is deposited beneath the epidermis. This coloring matter may be demonstrated in the skin of the negro with the greatest facility by means of maceration. It is then found not to be contained in special vessels, but to be deposited beneath the epidermis (the cuticle,) where it constitutes a uniform layer, that either comes off with the epidermis or remains attached to the dermis, but is independent of either.

"The color of the skin, which is a matter of such interest in the natural history of mankind, and which forms one of the principal characters of the several human races, has a tolerably constant relation to the color of the hair: thus, individuals with light hair have generally fairer skins than such as have dark hair; and thus, also, red hair is accompanied with a somewhat analogous color of the skin. In albinos the coloring matter is deficient in the skin, as it is in the hair, and in the interior of the eye. Moreover, the transition, in regard to the color of the skin, from the white to the black races of mankind, occurs through a succession of intermediate shades: thus I have found a coloring matter precisely similar to that of the negro's skin beneath the epidermis of several Europeans, particularly upon the scrotum, and upon the tanned faces of those who have lived exposed to a strong solar heat."

The last sentence confirms the opinion which Saint Pierre expressed, in his "*Studies of Nature*," that "the color of all those nations is so much the effect of climate, that the descendants of Europeans, settled there, assume the black tint after the lapse of some generations. This is perceptible in India, in the posterity of the Moguls, tribes derived from the extremity of Asia, whose name signifies *whites*, at this day as black as the nations they have conquered."

Here the Tattler wonders if Mr. Flournoy can muster his ingenuity to set forth sophisms in direct opposition to the above authorities. Perhaps he will adopt Sir Falstaff's *own observation*—"*Discretion is the better portion of valor*."

With regard to the negro's characteristic features, alluded to in Senex's article, inasmuch as the writer wondered how the negroes could have descended directly from Noah, while the Caucasians, who descended from the same man, should have skins and features so widely different from the negro's, the attention of Senex is called to the laws of Nature which are always in perfect concordance with the climates of the earth. As this matter requires a great deal of treating, and therefore renders it impossible to insert in this letter all that which may be said, the Tattler will give but one example which he thinks will suffice to satisfy Senex's curiosity.

An Irish family emigrates to this country. A son settles his home at the North, and another son, at the South. Children and grand-children are born to them, and, Mr. Senex will please mark it, bear much less of the Irish characteristics in their lineaments; and, remarkable to say, the Northerners do not in the least resemble the Southerners, though they both descended from the same parent stock. Whence came this difference? From the effect of the climates in which they live. So Mr. Senex will be able to trace the causes of the negro's thick lips, flat nose and projecting heels.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

July 11, 1861.

P. S. Mr. Flournoy does gross injustice to himself, as well as to us of the North, by saying that we do not accept his scheme because he is a Southerner. We all admire his talents; but we prefer to be where we are. R. P.

Enigma.

Answer to the Enigma in the June number. "The Star Spangled Banner."

ENIGMA.

BY A MUTE BALTIMOREAN.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 14, 2, 16, 17, 18, is a noun.
My 6, 3, 7, is a measure.
My 1, 4, 15, 5, is an American quadruped.
My 8, 10, 12, 13, are a kind of traveling fishes.
My 9, 11, 13, 10, is an adverb.
My whole is a very distinguished volunteer officer who was at once killed by an inimical citizen.

From the Public Servant.
New Year Presents.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

The first favor that I was exceedingly happy in acknowledging on New Year's morning, was a copy of the "Hartford Gazette," with the words "Jos. Mount" written a top. The next favor came in the shape of a kiss, from a lovely she, and I relished it highly.

"This kissing is a darn'd queer thing,
I like it nation well by goah,
I think it's most as good by jing,
As pumpkin pie—made out of squash."

At 10 o'clock, A. M., I sat for my portrait to Mr. Ennis, No. 214 Chestnut street, south side, and a mighty accurate likeness it was. I showed it to my friends, male and female, young and old, pretty and homely, all of whom united in expressing the opinion that it was a well executed counterfeit of the original. "What do you intend to do with your portrait?" said they, "I intend to send it to Newburg," I replied. "To Newburg? in Cumberland county?" "Yes, my friends."

"To whom?"
"To H. S. Fisher,"
"Is he your friend?"
"Yes. He is the Editor of the Public Servant."

My friends smiled approvingly. It was 2 o'clock, P. M. A young gentleman, by the name of Ennis, and who, by the way, is preparing a piece for the "Public Servant," to illustrate the surgical operation upon a diseased tooth, came into my room alone as expected. I saw him take something out of his coat pocket, which proved to be a likeness of his respected self, daguerretyped a few minutes before. "Accept this gift of remembrance from your sincere friend," said the young gentleman, placing the picture into my hand. I scrutinized it with the eye of cold and stern criticism, and I found it the best likeness that had ever been taken of my worthy friend. It was a very small affair six inches long, by four wide. Nor did my friend's liberality end here. He presented me with an enormous bit of cake and a pocketful of nuts.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., I was the honored recipient of the *Public Servant* of Dec. 30, H. S. Fisher, Editor. On page 4, I saw an original paper on "Time" by Mary Smith, well written, and on page 2, the leaders on "Fisher's Harp," "Kindness of Editors," "Our Whaling Voyage, No. 15," "Congressional," "Fodder" and "Christmas."

At 6 o'clock, my supper was sugary, consisting of cake, candy and molasses—no bread, no butter, no tea, for I wished none of these. I thought of my dear S—n, of her sweetly sad face, of her mild blue eyes and their varying expressions, and muttered, "S—n, my own S—n, I desire no New Year's gift, except in the form of your heart." No S—n appeared to enliven my weary hours with her smiles during the whole of New Year's day. I longed to give her a New Year's kiss; nor did she give me one.

At 8 o'clock, I went to bed, still thinking of my gentle S—n, and dreamed that her father sent me a New Year's present in the person of S—n. She and I fell to kissing. She was the most splendid gift I ever received.

I shall not describe my mortification when, on awakening in the grey of morning, I found that my glorious dream was only a device of Old Nick.

From the Public Servant.
Strange Names.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

There is a pretty little village in the northern part of Maryland, which is called "Wye," and another in the middle section of the same state called "Tobaccostick."

In the city of Raleigh, N. C., they publish a humorous paper named "The Live Giraffe." Its head is handsomely ornamented with a picture of the tall animal, after which the paper is called. A New weekly paper has just been established in the city of Delaware with the title of the *Patriotic Politician*. I have often had the pleasure of reading the "Blue Chicken," a weekly sheet printed at Wilmington, Del.; and the "Huntress," at Washington D. C., edited by an old lady. My readers have doubtless heard tell of the "Lilly," at Seneca Falls, N. Y., published by Mrs. Armelia Bloomer. The "Magnet," has just sprung into existence brimful of fun, philosophy and anecdote, and is printed in red and black ink. There is a daily paper published in Cincinnati or Cleveland—most likely the former—which is honored with the name of "The Capital Facts," I

have seen, though I do not believe it, mention made of the "Apple Dumpling," newspaper far away up in Pennsylvania. I remember once to have read an amusing sort of essay culled from the "Revolver." Almost every person conversant in modern literature, must have seen the "Idler," published by Dr. Johnson. I esteem myself a "lucky dog" in the matter of possessing several stray numbers of the "Scorpion," a weekly paper devoted to the exposition of rowdism, scoundrelism and other isms of the same sort. A tailor in Market street, Philadelphia, has been publishing "The Man in the Moon," for some time. The "Screw Driver," has been quoted by some papers as the name of a hebdomad, which made its appearance in Cincinnati a short time ago.

I would suggest to some Printer who contemplates publishing a newspaper, the propriety of putting to it the name of "Joe the Jersey Mute," though the editor were not a mute. The name which I propose, would in all likelihood, insure for the paper the patronage of all classes of the community, except the personal enemies of the veritable Joe, the Jersey Mute.

Somebody has laid the reading public under infinite obligations to him, for his (no doubt) interesting work on "Single Blessedness." He takes a most determined stand against the tying of the "silken knot that binds two willing hearts."

Dr. Duval has thrown to the world a medical treatise on the "Secret of Love and Beauty," illustrated with splendid engravings. Another physician, published a medical book, entitled "The blushes and smiles of Modesty," which treats of the pleasures of connubial love properly enjoyed.

A friend of mine, who teaches a school, was once obliged to dismiss as a hopeless idiot, a young man, whose name was Timothy Wise. One of his scholars, named Pious, outdevilized Satan. A lady in Philadelphia celebrated for her peerless beauty, is known by the name of Jane Homely.

There are many varieties of the apple, known only to those who are employed in cultivating the fruit. The "Lady's Blush," is a small round apple, streaked with a brilliant red. The "Lady's Little Finger," is a trifle larger than the Lady's Blush. The "Sheep's Nose," is middle sized, with

Debtor and Creditor.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men met in Wall Street. They were merchants.

"What do you think of Carlton's affairs, Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.

"I think we shall secure a pretty fair per centage. Don't you?"

"Yes, if we wind him up."

"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."

"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull; but every thing looks encouraging now."

"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go on, you lose every cent."

"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."

"It's always a risk. I go by the motto 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get to-day, and never trust to the morrow. This is my way of doing business."

"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"

"How?" with a look of surprise.

"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."

"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."

"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."

"I never doubted it. But what of that?"

"If we break him up in business, the evil will not visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."

"In trade we never consider a man's family relations."

"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a man?"

"As a man who owes us, and is unable to pay what is due; but in no other light," replied Mr. Elder, with a slight curl of the lip.

"There we differ widely."

"And will continue to differ, I imagine. Good-morning, Mr. Highland."

The two men parted.

An hour previous, Mr. Carlton, about whom they had been conversing, sat with his family, a wife and three daughters, at the breakfast table. He tried to converse in his usual cheerful manner, but too heavy a weight was upon his heart. There had come a crisis in his affairs, which he feared would not be passed without ruin to himself. If the effects of this would not reach beyond his store and counting-room—if upon his head alone would fall the fragments of a broken fortune, he would not have murmured. But the disaster could not stop there! It would extend even to the sanctuary of home.

As their father had little to say, the daughters chatted about various matters of interest to themselves. They little knew how many a pang their words occasioned. Bright hopes glittered for them in the distance; but the father alone knew how imminent was the danger that threatened destruction to all these luring hopes. He felt oppressed and gloomy when he left the house and bent his steps in the direction of his store.

On the day previous he had called in a few of his creditors and asked of them an extension. If this were not given, it would be impossible for him to keep on longer than a few weeks. The spirit in which most of his creditors had received the unexpected announcement that he was in difficulties, gave him little to hope. He was to have another interview with them during the day. From that, as it would exhibit the result of a night's reflection upon the minds of his creditors, he would be able to see clearly his chances of being sustained in business. He awaited the hour with nervous anxiety. When it arrived, and the few creditors called in had assembled, he saw little in their faces to give him hope. The first who spoke out plainly was Elder.

"I, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "am opposed to all extensions. If a man cannot pay as he goes, I think he had better wind up."

"If all do not agree in this matter, it will be no use to attempt extending Mr. Carlton's time," remarked one of the creditors, who thought and felt as did Elder, but was not willing to come out so plainly.

"That is very true," said another, "but a partial extension will be of no use."

The heart of poor Carlton almost ceased to beat.

"Have you any objection to retiring for a few minutes?" said Mr. Highland to the debtor.

"I will withdraw, certainly," returned Mr. Carlton, and left the room.

"My own view, gentlemen," said Mr. Highland, "is, that we ought to grant all that is asked. Mr. Carlton's business is good, and he will get over his present difficulties easily, if we only assist him a little. We should be just, as man towards man; and this I do not think we shall be in this case, unless we consider Carlton as well as ourselves. He is an honest man, and an honest man in difficulties is always entitled to consideration."

"That is all very well. But when a man gives his note payable at a certain day, he ought to be very sure that he will be able to take it up. Creditors are entitled to some consideration as well as debtors. The cry of 'poor debtor' is soon raised, but who, I wonder, thinks of the poor creditor? I, for one, am not prepared to extend."

This was said by Elder.

"As for me," spoke up another, "I never take but one view of matters like this. If I think I will do better by renewing, I am ready to do so; if by winding up the party now I can do better, I go for winding up. I have confidence in Carlton's integrity; I believe he means well; but can he get through? That is the question."

"I believe he can," said Mr. Highland.

"And I doubt it," returned Mr. Elder.

"Ought we not to consider him as well as ourselves?" urged Mr. Highland. "He has worked very hard for the last ten years, hard as any one of us, and has been as anxious to secure a competence for his family as we have been. We should feel for him, as well as for ourselves. It would be but a trifle for us to lose all our claims, in comparison to the utter ruin to him that would follow our immediate prosecution of them. We could bear to lose ten thousand dollars apiece; but could he bear the loss of all he has? I hope every man here will suffer his better feelings to become active in this matter. Let us think of his family. If that will not influence us, let us think of our own families, and imagine them threatened with the same evils that now threaten the family of Mr. Carlton."

It is no light thing, gentlemen, let me tell you, to break down a man who is struggling to sustain himself for the sake of those who are dear to him. It is no light thing to extinguish the bright hearth-fire, and scatter those who have gathered for years around it."

In the eager pursuit of wealth, men's hearts become incrustated over, and they seem to lose all regard for each other's personal condition. It requires something more than usual to break up the incrustation. The words of Mr. Highland had the effect to do this with more than one of Carlton's creditors; even Elder did not reply to what he said, but this was more from shame than any other feeling.

"It is rather a hard case, you must yourself confess," remarked one of those present, "to have money that you fully expected to receive and can use to advantage, locked up for two or three years."

"I grant all that; but would it not be a much harder case for Carlton to be broken up root and branch?"

"I suppose it would," the man replied. "Then let us do by him as we would be done by ourselves, were we in a similar position," said Mr. Highland.

The efforts of Elder to efface the impression the words of Mr. Highland had made, proved in vain. It was agreed that the debtor should receive the extension he asked. When informed of this decision, Carlton could not hide his emotions, though he strove hard to do so. His grateful acknowledgements for the favor granted, touched more than one heart that had been cold as ice towards him a short time before. How different were his feelings when he met his family that evening, and silently thanked Heaven that the cloud which had hovered over and threatened to break in desolating tempests, had passed from the sky.

Long before the arrival of the time for which an extension had been granted, Mr. Carlton was able to pay off every thing, and to look in the face without unpleasant emotions every man he met.

Strange things happen in real life. Mr. Elder was a shipper, and extensively engaged in trade. For a series of years everything went on prosperously with him; his adventures always found a good market, and his consignments safe and energetic.

All this he attributed to his own business acumen.

"I never make bad shipments," he would sometimes say. "I never consign to doubtful agents."

A man like Mr. Elder is rarely permitted to go through life without a practical conviction that he is in the hand of One who governs all events. It is rarely that such a one does not become painfully conscious in the end that human prudence is as nothing.

The first thing that occurred to check the confident spirit of Mr. Elder, was the loss of a ship and cargo under circumstances that gave the underwriters a fair plea for not paying the risk. He sued, and was defeated. The loss was twenty-five thousand dollars.

A few weeks after, news came that a shipment to the South American coast had resulted in a loss. From that time everything seemed to go wrong. His adventures found a glutted market, and his return cargoes a depression of prices. If he held on to a thing in the hope of better rates, prices would go down, until, in a desperate mood, he would sell; then they would go up steadily. The time was when he confined himself strictly to legitimate trade; but a mania for speculation now took hold of him, and urged him on to ruin. He even ventured into the bewildering precincts of the stock market, lured by the hope of splendid results. Here he stood upon ground that soon crumbled beneath his feet. A loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars cured him of this folly, and he turned with a sigh to his counting-room, to digest with care and prudent forethought, some safe operation in his regular business.

But the true balance of his mind was lost. He could not consider with calmness the business in hand. A false move was the consequence. Loss instead of profit was the unfortunate result.

Seven years from the day Mr. Elder opposed an arrangement with Mr. Carlton, which should regard the debtor as well as the creditor, he himself found it impossible to provide for all his heavy payments. For some time he had kept his head above water by making sacrifices; but the end of this came.

After a sleepless night the merchant started one morning for his store, oppressed with the sad conviction that before the day

closed his fair fame would be tarnished. As he walked along Broadway, Mr. Carlton came to his side with a cheerful salutation. Mr. C. was now a large creditor instead of debtor. On that very day, bills in his favor had matured to the amount of five thousand dollars; and these Elder could not pay. The recollection of this made it almost impossible for him to reply to the pleasant observations of his companion. Vividly, as if it had occurred yesterday, came up before his mind the circumstances that had transpired a few years previously. He remembered how eagerly he had sought, from the merest selfish motives, to break down Mr. Carlton and throw him helpless upon the world, and how near he was to accomplishing the merchant's total overthrow. Such recollections drove from his mind the hope that for a moment had presented itself of enlisting Mr. Carlton's good feelings, and securing him as a friend in the trial through which he was about to pass.

Several times during the walk towards Pearl Street, he was on the point of breaking the matter to Mr. C., but either his heart failed him, or his companion made some remark to which he was compelled to reply. At length they separated without any allusion by Mr. Elder to the subject on which he was so desirous of speaking. He had not the courage to utter the first word.

But this was only postponing for a very brief period, the evil day. Several remittances were anxiously looked for that morning. He broke the sealing, letter after letter, with trembling anxiety. Alas! the mail brought him no aid. His last hope was gone. Nothing now remained for him but to turn his face bravely to the threatening storm and bear up against its fury.

For hours he debated the question as to what course it was best for him to pursue. At one time he thought of leaving all in ignorance of his condition, until the notary's protest should startle them from their ignorance. Then he thought it would be best to notify the holder of paper due on that day that it would not be taken up. It was one o'clock before he could calmly resolve on what course to take. Then it seemed to him best to give notice of his condition. He prepared brief notes to all, but Mr. Carlton first. His heart failed him when he attempted to write his name.

Vividly, as if it had occurred but the day previous, came up before his mind all the circumstances attendant upon that gentleman's appeal to his creditors. His cheek burned when he remembered the position he had assumed in that affair.

But, even though such were his feelings, when he came to despatch the notes he had prepared he could only find courage to send the one written to Mr. Carlton. The other creditors, whose bills had matured that day, he thought he would go and see; but half an hour passed without his acting upon the resolution to do so. Most of this time was spent in walking uneasily the floor of his counting-room, or in examining certain accounts in his ledger, or entries in his bill book. He was bending, all absorbed, over a page of calculations at his desk, when some one who had entered unperceived pronounced his name. He turned quickly and looked Mr. Carlton in the face. The color mounted instantly to the temples of Mr. Elder. He tried to speak, but could not.

"Your note has taken me altogether by surprise," said Mr. Carlton. "But I hope things are not so bad as you suppose."

Mr. Elder shook his head. He tried to speak but could not.

"How much have you to pay to-day?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply, in a husky voice.

"How much have you towards it?"

"Not two thousand."

"How much falls due to-morrow?"

"Four thousand."

"How much in a month?"

"Fifty thousand."

"What will be your available resources?"

"Not half the amount."

"Haven't you good bills?"

"Yes; but not negotiable."

Mr. Carlton mused for some time. At length he said:

"You must not lie over to-day."

"I cannot help it."

"If you will transfer to me, as security in case you have to stop payment, the bills of which you speak, I will lend you the amount you want to-day."

The color retired from the cheeks of Mr. Elder, and then came back with a quick flush. He made no answer, but looked steadily and doubtfully into Mr. Carlton's face.

"I have been in difficulties myself, and I know how to sympathize with others," said the latter. "We should aid, if we can, but not break down a fellow-merchant when in trouble. Endorse bills to my order for the sum you want, and I will fill up a check for the amount."

Elder turned slowly to his desk, and took therefrom sundry notes of hand in his favor at various dates from six to twelve months, and endorsed them payable to Carlton, who immediately gave him a check for eight thousand dollars and left the store.

A clerk was instantly despatched to the bank, and then Mr. Elder sunk into a chair, half stupefied. He could hardly believe his senses until the cancelled notes were placed in his hands.

Rebuked and humble in spirit, the anxious merchant retired from his counting room and sought his home. His heart felt lighter than it had been for many days, and yet he could feel its weight in his bosom. In his extremity aid had come, but from a quarter least dreamed of—from one who, in a like extremity, had asked him for consideration, but asked in vain.

On the next morning, Mr. Elder went to his place of business with feelings but little less troubled than they had been on the day before. His payments were lighter, but his means were, for the first time, exhausted. The best he could do would be to borrow; but he already owed heavily for borrowed money and was not certain that to go farther was practicable. He thought of Mr. Carlton; but every feeling of his heart forbade him to seek further aid from him.

"I deserve no consideration there, and I cannot ask it," he murmured as he pursued his way toward his store. The first thing that met his eye on entering his counting room was a pile of ship letters. There had been an arrival from Valparaiso. He broke the seal of the first one he took up, with eagerness. "Thank God!" was his almost immediate exclamation. It was from one of his captains, and contained drafts for fifteen thousand dollars. It also informed him that the ship Sarah, commanded by said captain, would sail for home in a week, with a return cargo of hides and specie amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The voyage had been profitable beyond expectation.

Elder had just finished reading the letter, when Mr. Carlton came in. Seizing the kind-hearted merchant by the hand, and pressing it hard he said, with emotion—

"Mr. Carlton you have saved me! Ah! Sir, this would be to me a far happier moment, if, seven years ago, when you were in trouble, I had as generously aided you."

"Let the past sleep in peace," returned Mr. Carlton. "If fortune has smiled again, permit me to rejoice with you, as I do with all who are blessed with favoring gales. To meet with difficulties is of use to us. It gives us the power of sympathy with others; and that gift we should all desire, for it is a good thing to lift the burden from shoulders bent down with too heavy a weight, and throw sunlight over a heart shaded by gloom."

Mr. Elder recovered from his crippled condition in the course of a few months. He was never again known to oppress a suffering debtor.

A SILENT ZOUAVE COMPANY.—On Saturday the citizens of Hartford were surprised by the appearance of a "Zouave" Company of boys, marching in silence through the streets, and though led by neither drum, fife, or any other music, yet keeping perfect step, and moving as rapidly almost as the original Zouaves in Algiers, and far more orderly. They were a company of deaf mutes, from the American Asylum. Their Captain's name is Dean. Their uniform is the red cap, white shirt and red trousers.—*Boston Herald, July 8.*

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY WHO ESCAPED FROM ST. DOMINGO IN 1804. Mrs. Sauguey de la Bossiere, died recently, at Baltimore, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. She was one of the few who escaped from the horrors of the massacre in St. Domingo, in 1804. Her husband was a distinguished lawyer in St. Domingo, and was attorney-general of the colony while it was under the rule of France. Previous to the revolt he went to France and died there. She reached Baltimore, where she lived and died, in all her life remarkable for her unostentatious charities. She was the niece of the Abbe Sicard de Lascaze, successor of the Abbe Lepeur, the founder of the institution for the deaf and dumb in Paris.

The Festival of Death.

SINGULAR CUSTOM OF THE JAPANESE.

An intelligent tourist gives the following interesting account of certain customs among the Japanese:

Nagasaki is built along the bay, around the basis of the different hills and mountains, and in terrace-form up their sides, presenting a very picturesque appearance.

Many of the temples occupy the prettiest spots on those hill sides, which are likewise the burial ground for the inhabitants. Many of the temples in these elevated positions are surrounded on all sides by tombs, which extend upwards to the very tops of the mountains.

The dead are buried in a species of tub, in a sitting posture to save space, and over them is always erected a monument. When a man dies, the widow has at the same time her tomb-stone erected, but the inscription on it is painted red, the only indication that she is still really among the living. The priests usually have their own houses near the temple among these tombs. They are exceedingly fond of renting them out to foreigners to make a little money. It was my good fortune to rent one for my use; situated on a considerable height, it commands a most magnificent view of the town, country and harbor, its only objection being the number of mosquitoes infesting it. Unlike other mosquitoes they torture their victims by day as well as by night.

It appears that the water standing in a little trough before each monument in the different tombs has much to do with their presence in this locality. This water is put there for the use of the spirits of the dead. Flowers, also, and incense are offered up before the monuments. Once in a year the greatest festival of the people takes place at these tombs—the "Worship of the Ancestors." No man works in all this time. As it is one of the two occasions of the year when debts are allowed to be collected, all are busy during the day to attend to this. After dark then they gather around the tombs of their departed friends, which are most beautifully illuminated by paper lanterns. I counted in one little tomb, of no larger proportions than eight or ten feet, as many as seventy-five lanterns.—Intermixed with the large white and yellow lanterns, I noticed some very neatly finished and smaller red ones, which were to denote the number of children buried in the tomb.—While these lanterns are burning, the relatives are praying at the monuments! then perhaps take a little supper which they bring with them. Finally some of them fall asleep among the burial places.

The Japanese enter this festival heart and soul, and, not satisfied with praying, they let off large quantities of fireworks. In order to see the grand illumination to the best advantage, I left my "mammoth house" and descended some hundred and eighty steps, down to the first street, which still has a downward direction, until I reached the shore. I took a boat and went off some distance on the smooth water. Then looking around and above me, I beheld a spectacle such as cannot be seen in any other part of the world. All the hillsides above the dwellings were illuminated to the very tops. They appeared as if covered with flaming crowns upon their heads. It is impossible to give an appropriate description of this wonderful magic-like inexpressibly beautiful sight.

The last night of the festival, a most singular proceeding puts a close to this annual ancestor worship. The Japanese believe that the spirits visit their tombs during the time of this worship. In order now to enable them to go back again to their place of rest, (a kind of heaven,) they manufacture all sorts of boats, skiffs, junks, etc., out of straw or paper, decorate them prettily, and load them with colored paper lanterns. Some of these vessels are sixty feet long, with masts and sails upon them. I even saw a most perfect side wheel steamer model—a very good imitation, and of excellent proportions. The Japanese seem to be, in general very apt to make their imitations almost perfect as regards this last quality. On the third night, about an hour after midnight, all these vessels are carried to the shore of the bay, while the bells are ringing and all the lanterns are burning. There they are set afloat, the carriers carrying them as far away from the land as the depth of water will allow. I had taken a boat to get a good view of this illumination flotilla, expecting something grand, but I was rather disappointed. Ere any of the vessels could float off far, some one would cause them to ignite entire, straw and paper, lanterns, and masts; and as soon as this took place, a legion of "wreckers" swimming about like frogs, in

all directions, would draw the burning flame under water, to save and appropriate whatever valuable articles remained unburnt.

It was quite amusing to see them swim off triumphantly with a piece of bamboo or half a boat of straw, loading gradually boats of considerable size with their spoils. A young Japanese, on being asked how the spirits managed to get here, not having any boats to bring them, but only to carry them back, after their arrival, said that he thought they would swim here. Most probably, after three days' abode among the anti-drinking Japanese, they become quite incapable of walking or swimming back. This reminds me of a curious explanation a young priest of Budha gave of the two distinct beatings of a drum in the temple just below our residence every evening at about seven o'clock. The first beating is to let Budha know that he can take a "nap;" the second, that it is time for him to go to Heaven. It is a curious fact that only a priest himself could give information on this point, while almost everybody else was unacquainted with the cause of a noise daily heard, and this too, a part of their own religious ceremonial.

But Japanese leave all such things to the priests, considering it out of their line of business to concern themselves about them. Any question in regard to similar ceremonials they will answer by saying: "The priest knows that he is in the temple. It is his business to know it." Yet they keep their temples in admirable condition. In fact, when I first went through the streets at night, and saw the candles burning before a shrine in each house, I thought the people remarkably devoted to their creed. I soon, however, learned that this religious observance is enforced by a law which would recognize a person not illuminating his idol in the dark at once as a Roman Catholic. The morals of the Japanese are perfectly frightful.

The Utility of Refuse Things.

The prusiate of potash is made in large quantities in Cincinnati, from the hoofs, horns, and other refuse of slaughtered grunners.

Cow hair, taken from the hides in tanneries, is employed for making plastering mortar, to give it fibrous quality.

Sawdust is sold for sprinkling the floors of markets. It is also used for packing ice for shipping.

The rags of old worn-out shirting, calico dresses, and the waste of Cotton factories, are employed to make the paper upon which these lines are printed.

Old ropes are converted into fine note paper, and the waste paper itself, which is picked up in the streets, and thus does duty in revolving stages.

The parings of skins and hides, and the ears of cows, calves and sheep, are carefully collected and converted into glue.

The finer qualities of gelatine are made from ivory raspings—the bones and tendons of animals.

Bones converted into charcoal by roasting in retorts are afterwards employed for purifying the white sugar with which we sweeten our coffee, etc.

The ammonia obtained from the distillation of coal in making gas, is employed for saturating orchil and cudbear, in making the beautiful lilac colors that are dyed on silk and fine woollen goods.

Carbonic acid, obtained in the distillation of coal tar, is employed with other acids to produce beautiful yellow colors on silk and wool.

The shavings of cedar wood, used in making pencils, are distilled to obtain the otto of cedar wood.

Brass filings and old brass kettles are remelted and employed to make the brass work of printing presses and pumps.

Old copper scraps are used in the construction of splendid bronze chandeliers, for illuminating our churches and the mansions of the wealthy.

Old horse shoe nails are employed to make the famous steel and twist barrels of fowling pieces.

Subdue Your Child's Will.

How seldom do we see a person whose self-will was not restrained in childhood, becoming a Christian in later years. "A child left to himself" not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself. The parent, who neglects, with love and firmness, to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hatheth his own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." The son of pious, but too-indulgent parents, left home and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heart-broken, but wrote continually to him letters overflowing with affection and earnest entreaties to leave his sinful ways.

A friend was in his room when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience; and then at a few moments lost in thought, when, suddenly rising, he dashed the letter in the fire, exclaiming "There, let them warn, write letters, pray, and whine; it is of no use. A good whipping, well laid on ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will, while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother of a little girl who was always delicate and subject to fits at any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible, and never let her be crossed. But instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her peevish, irritable and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did her other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey, or be punished.

Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed to it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success. Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last the little offender was completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once at midnight she waked her mother with the entreaty, "Oh, mamma, pray for me, I am a great sinner." It was not long before she gave good evidence that she "was born again." The mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mamma, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent, will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child when you cannot pray at the same time for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger will do more harm than good.

Some of Franklin's Maxims.

The following from the pen of the great American philosopher, Dr. Franklin, should be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every school-room. These maxims, though often printed, lose nothing of their value by repetition:

1. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as Want; and a great deal more saucy.
3. Silk and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of good luck.
5. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.
6. Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimnies than to keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.
9. The eyes of a master will do more work than both of his hands.
10. What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
11. He that goes a borrowing returns sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two remove from things.
15. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needest not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessities.

The Drunkard.

It was midnight. In an upper room of an old tenement sat a pale, emaciated woman, who has not yet seen twenty-five summers. She had toiled all day at the needle, and all the long hours of the night, and now, exhausted, paused a moment to relieve her aching eyes. Near her, upon a scanty bed, lay one whose hairs were frosted with age. It was this poor woman's mother. She, too, had been sewing, sewing until her aged eyes could see no longer, and she threw herself upon the bed to obtain a little sleep. The two poor women are compelled to sew, sew, day and night, to support each other and one other. Who is the other? The wife, as she

pauses in her task, imagines she hears his footsteps stumbling on the stairway. It is her husband—one whom, not long ago, she wedded, proud, at the time, of his manhood and love. But, a short time has made wonderful changes in him. He is still the kind-hearted, generous man he was when first she knew him; but he has become a drunkard, and that explains the change. When under the influence of liquor, he is a demon. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the vice grows upon him, and now he never comes home sober, and then only to destroy the quiet of his impoverished home. And from the earnings of that broken-hearted wife's needle he dare, again and again, filch money with which to satisfy his burning appetite.

The wife listens for the foot-steps on the stairway. How she does hope that for once they may sound as they used to sound, bold and manly. But the hope is crushed, for after a moment's stumbling noise, the door flies open, and the inebriated husband, cursing and raving, plunges in upon the floor. Her heart sinks within her, as he arises and demands within which to purchase whiskey. She has not a penny. All that day has she sat and sewed, without a morsel to satisfy her hunger. The last penny was expended for a candle, the last morsel given to her aged mother.

"Money, money, curse you, money," roars the crazy husband.

"I've none, not a penny to give you," responds the wife in agony.

"You lie," is the return, and stimulated by whiskey he rises again, and seizing a chair plunges it through the window. Crash follows crash, and scream, scream, as article after article of the scanty furniture is destroyed, and the wife attempts to stay the fury of her husband.

Then out of doors is heard the watchman's peculiar rap, heavy steps sound on the stairway, the door flies open once more, and two policemen enter and seize the infuriated man just as he has seized a knife, and aimed to plunge it into the bosom of his devoted wife.

The prisoner, raving and cursing, is dragged down the stairway, and is now secured in an iron cell.

Just such a case happened last night. They happen almost every night in this city; in fact, are so common that in our Police Court they excite no attention. In this case, the husband was committed to prison for ten days. He will stay there perhaps thirty, and then be released only to repeat the scene we have described. Such is the drunkard's home and the drunkard's life, as exhibited at the Police Court.—Cincinnati Times, July 12.

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insight are more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his impulses or judgment, which she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet-help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—A distinguished physician who died some years since, in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

I have often thought, if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut out a round hole in the little thing's dress just over the heart and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, it is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer to a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now, carry the same bulb to its little hand. If the arms be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to 40 degrees. Of course, all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cool currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And, need I add, that we ought not to be surprised at its frequently recurring affections of the lungs, throat and stomach?

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure.

A STORY is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand, whom he was trying to brow beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer—How old are you?

Witness—Seventy-two years.

L. Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?

W. I do not know but it is.

L. State some circumstances that occurred, say some twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember.

W. I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner, it is insolent.

J. Yes, Sir; state it.

W. Well, Sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B's office, did you not?

L. Yes.

W. Well, Sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me—"Mr. D. my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me \$15 to buy him a suit of clothes." I remember, also, Sir, that from that day to this, he has never paid me that sum. That, Sir, I remember, as though it had been but yesterday.

L. (Considerably abashed)—That will do, Sir.

W. I presume it will.

Beautiful and Useful Thought.

A little, daughter, ten years old, lay on her death bed. It is hard to part with the pet of the family; the golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird like voice, the truthful, affectionate child. How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked very much distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length. "What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?"

"Hush, dear, do be quiet," he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year—in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart; the joy of one noble, loving spirit mingling with its like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with a solemn tenderness. "Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year, as long as I live, and thus my Lillian shall yet speak and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

HAPPY WOMEN.—A happy woman! Is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest secret are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire light that leaps on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide, would not awake an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

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